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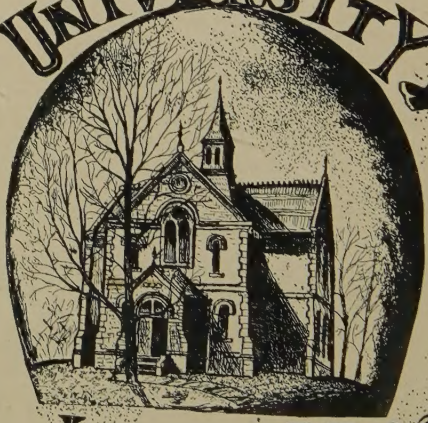
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By Francis G. Peabody, D.D.

SUNDAY EVENINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL: First Series. Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion.

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL: Second Series.

AFTERNOONS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

SUMMARY OF THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY ON THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston and New York

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN BY
FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, PLUMMER
PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1911

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Published October 1911

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To C. W. E.

Severest critic, best of listeners,
Questioning all things with perennial youth,
Quick to detect when faulty logic errs,
Yet quicker to discern each note of truth;
Men call you unimpassioned, cold, and stern,
The last survivor of the Puritan,
They little know the sympathies that burn
For every worthy cause or troubled man.
Straight to its mark your candid counsel flies,
Its shaft of judgment tipped with kind desire,
And those it pierces still unwounded rise,
Chastened but strong, and purified by fire.

Along the coast where we have lived together,
There comes at evening-time, in summer weather,
A hush of Nature, when the sighing firs
Cease their complaining, and no land-breeze stirs
The drowsy ocean; while the burnished bay
Mirrors the splendor of the dying day.
So, after many and tempestuous years,
And many an angry gale of doubts and fears,
The hostile breezes slacken and then cease;
The harbor-lights are lit, of love and peace;
And life's calm evening settles over you
As sunset gathers over Asticou.

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The prolonged vitality of three little books of Chapel Addresses ("Mornings in the College Chapel," 1896; "Afternoons in the College Chapel," 1898; "Mornings in the College Chapel, Second Series," 1907) tempts me to add a concluding volume to the series. Daily Morning Prayer with a five-minute talk, Thursday Afternoon Vesper Service with a ten-minute address, and Sunday Evening Service with a full-sized sermon, made the weekly routine of worship during the twenty happy years of my administration in the College Chapel; and the volumes of which this is the last are my testimony of gratitude for an opportunity such as few preachers have ever been permitted to share. The continual challenge of a completely voluntary system of worship, the offering to religion of a fair chance — and nothing more — among the competing interests of University life, and, more than all, the perennial romance and surprise of religious experience as it is met, and often rediscovered, by young men in the course of their education, — their self-assurance and self-abasement, their confidence and diffidence, their doubts and dreams, — all these incidents which create the atmosphere of a University, give to preaching a peculiar exhilaration. "After all," Phillips Brooks said one Sunday evening after one of his most irresistible of sermons, "this is the greatest of preaching-places."

In sifting out the present collection from the sermons of twenty years, I have repeatedly recalled another remark of this unapproachable master. Speaking in our Preachers' Room just before one of his visits to England, he said: "I have been trying to pick out some sermons to use over there, but I find on looking them over that I have only one sermon." What seemed at the moment nothing more than playful self-depreciation was in one sense profoundly true. Even his marvelous versatility of method and inexhaustible wealth of illustration did not disguise from him the fundamental unity of his message to the world. An observant hearer once said that Phillips Brooks never preached without using the word "Richness." The profusion and increment of powers and resources to be attained by the human soul through communion with the living God was his constant theme. He could not preach without preaching his whole gospel. The text of all his sermons might have been the sublime promise: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

In a much more superficial and obvious way this little book turns out to contain but one sermon. When its contents were preached, they seemed to deal with many subjects; but now that they are collected they look like fragments of a message which was never fully given. To interpret to young men the story of their own experience, and then to set this limited experience in its place among the spiritual problems of the modern world,—this must always

be the aim of University preaching; and it prescribes a form of treatment which is inevitably somewhat fixed. Not to begin with the special problems of education is to fail of contact with the academic mind; not to make connection between this experience of education and the great trunk-lines of human progress and desire is to remain academic, provincial, and side-tracked, as though one's train of thought had no terminal at tide-water. Here, at least, is the reason — even though it be not an excuse — for a uniformity of type which, on looking over these sermons, I have found rather disconcerting.

Some of the following sermons are expansions or variations of themes briefly stated in short talks at Morning Prayers: and for the sake of curious students of homiletics who may care to trace the development — or dilution — of an idea, I have in such instances made a reference to earlier volumes in this series. Finally, and in order to indicate the historical tradition of Puritan piety which Harvard University inherits and cherishes, I have set at the end of this volume a sermon preached at the 250th anniversary of the founding of the College.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1911.

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Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel

I

THE GREAT WASTE PRODUCT

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. — *John* VI, 12.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of modern business is the new importance given to the prevention of waste. Along with the prodigious increase of production procured by new inventions, new processes, and new machinery, a further source of profit has been found in utilizing material which was once thrown away ; and in many forms of industry these waste-products, or by-products, which were once merely slag or refuse, have become as valuable as the product originally sought. In the close competitions of modern business it may almost be said that the difference between

profit and loss is not infrequently determined by the utilization of waste. A company is organized, for example, to make illuminating gas, and the manufacture is obstructed by a deposit of coal-tar. When, however, this waste-product is applied to industry, it is discovered that its use in the processes of dyeing is as profitable as the gas of which it was once the refuse. In the same way a packing house, in addition to the meats it cures, finds a new source of profit in utilizing every scrap of waste, for lard, or cottolene, or glue ; or a company organized to refine oil enormously increases its income by adding to its primary intention the sale of by-products, such as naphtha, benzine, or paraffine. Rags, cinders, parings, husks, seaweed, — all have become worth saving. Fuel, manure, paper, cloth, — all may be made of waste.

The same discovery of unutilized values is illustrated on the largest scale in the national enterprise known as the Conservation Movement. Rivers have been for centuries running to waste, deserts have been left unpopulated, waterfalls have spent themselves in wearing away rocks, forests have been devastated by fire or reckless cutting ; until at last the enor-

mous dimensions of this wastefulness have been realized, and the nation, with new foresight, proceeds to tame its rivers, to irrigate its deserts, to transform its water-power into light, and to save for posterity its outraged forests. When the historian of the future narrates the events of the present generation it is not improbable that this conservation of the nation's wealth may seem the achievement most worth recording. Thousands of millions of dollars are being saved from total loss to enrich hundreds of millions of citizens as yet unborn.

But what is the great waste-product? That question was, in part, answered some years ago by the leading political economist of Great Britain, in an address to the Coöperative Congress at Ipswich. The assemblage represented more than a million of the working people of England; and their vast organization, expending many millions of pounds each year, was the direct descendant of the simple scheme of mutual aid devised in 1844 by twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale. Speaking to these plain working-people, Professor Marshall said that they "had utilized the great waste-product." It was, as he ex-

plained, the capacity for business sagacity and management which great numbers of people might possess without its ever being discovered and set to work. The Coöperative System had promoted the discovery of this unsuspected force of initiative, thrift, foresight, fraternalism, and leadership. Men might enter the service of some modest rural Society, where the principles of the organization gave them a chance to rise, until the same persons who began in the ranks might come to very large responsibilities and prove themselves competent to conduct vast business affairs with astonishing success. To demonstrate the existence of such capacity among plain people and to put it to use, should be regarded, this teacher said, as "the greatest achievement of wage-earners in the history of the world." The great waste-product, that is to say, is not tar, or rags, or hide, but human character, — the unutilized intelligence, ambition, or skill, which many a man may possess without knowing it, and which, if it can be found and used, may be the most profitable of investments.

Here is a test of wisdom which often meets an employer. If a manufacturer were asked

on what single item of cost his profits chiefly depended, he would be likely to reply that it was not so much on the wage-scale, or the price of material, or the cost of plant, as on the maintenance of a continuous maximum of production. Intermittency, periodicity, a shifting market, an insufficient supply of labor, strikes and rumors of strikes, — these risks which reduce production are the constant dread of employers. But how shall one secure this maximum of production? Can machinery be made so perfect that the human factor in production may be ignored? Is it prudent to regard the loyalty and capacity of the wage-earners as a valueless waste-product? Cannot a corporation be as sagacious as a Coöperative Store? Most employers persistently believe that the appeal to thrift, economy, or fidelity will meet no response from their employed; that business is a vast machine, in which the working-man has become a wheel interlocking with the rest; and it must be admitted that a dehumanized, anonymous, mechanical industrialism is the most alarming characteristic of the present time. Precisely here, however, is the opportunity for wisdom. The humanization of industry is the next

step in economic progress. Administrators of business who are devising ways of utilizing initiative, intelligence, and efficiency, and who give to these contributions to production their just reward, are not only finding a new source of profit, but are insuring themselves against strikes, class-hatred, and revolution. To neglect the great waste-product may mean, not only commercial loss, but suspicion, conflict, and disaster. To utilize the great waste-product may mean, not only commercial advantage, but humanity, fraternity, and peace.

These lessons of commercial and economic experience are, however, but suggestions of a much more serious and personal problem. The principle of conservation, which has been so lavishly applied to our national resources, and which is now an accepted principle in business affairs, has hardly been approached in the much more vital concerns of the physical, or moral, or religious life. We have learned to save our forests, but we still waste our nerves. We make the desert blossom into fertility, but we permit thousands of children to lose the bloom of life by premature labor and unwholesome homes. The same person may with infi-

nite care breed his cattle, and then make the great venture of marriage with no foresight beyond a passing fancy or a commercial gain. We teach our farmers to raise hundreds of bushels from land which had been thought hopelessly sterile, but we permit thousands of young people to grow up without trade or discipline, like abandoned and untilled soil, and in the end to be unemployed because they are unemployable. We train our dogs in special types of color or shape, of scent or speed, but we train our children in a rigid uniformity of lessons and examinations, which levels talent with dulness and leaves the unusual mind quite undiscovered even by itself. For centuries infinite pains have been taken to produce the best horses, or cows, or chickens, while it has remained for this generation to make the first approach to a science of eugenics, or the producing of healthy children and of sound family stocks.

A still stranger fact about human waste is this, — that it is most reckless and prodigal in those concerns which are most vital and permanent. In the care of the body conservation has been to some extent achieved. The solemn truths of heredity, and the extraordi-

nary capacity of physical life to mould and transform its tendencies, are at least recognized as science, even if not applied in practice. When, however, we turn to the interests of human life which are unseen and eternal, the great waste-product seems to be not only unutilized, but hardly suspected. Sensible people have learned enough of eugenics to check or mitigate many physical disasters; worldly-wise people have learned to save their money and to guard their health; business people have discovered that a penny saved is a penny earned and have organized on an enormous scale for the prevention of waste; working-people have learned, often by bitter experience, that overwork is wasteful extravagance, and are demanding legislation and regulation to conserve their ability to earn. But how is it with the moral and intellectual life, for the sake of which — it may be supposed — health and money are accumulated and prized? No one can observe the signs of the time without being struck by the enormous capacity for spiritual efficiency of whose existence even its possessors are often altogether unaware. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has lately called attention to the waste of power

involved in the training of the rich. They receive, he said, the best that money can buy; their bodies and brains are disciplined; and then "they devote themselves to a life of idleness." It is "a stupid waste of first-class material." Instead of contributing to the work of the world, they "kill their time by tearing along roads at perilous speed, or do nothing at enormous expense."

The same story might be told, in somewhat different language, of many American lives. A youth, for instance, of sound inheritances and wholesome tastes, comes to his manhood with a fund of health, friends, education, and money, and enters the life of the modern world. What potential leadership and serviceableness are put into his hands! What a chance is his to guide, to serve, to lift, to redeem! In the great crisis of our civil war men no older than he, and of no better stuff, found themselves suddenly colonels or generals, with the fate of an army committed to them; and the new and not less ominous conflicts of industrial and social life are now waiting for just such disciplined and generous men to take command. Now watch this youth as the world's work and play lay hold on him and he

becomes immersed in the routine and frivolity of life. Money and sport, getting and spending, office and club, overwhelm his idealism and sweep him into the current of commonplace, until he sinks into the monotonous ocean of mediocrity. Nothing that is base or discreditable need be reported of this submergence of a soul. The man may emerge at last a respectable, comfortable, portly citizen, to be described in the commercial phrase of our obituaries as "successful." But what a waste has there been of the finest stuff; what precious by-products have remained unutilized; what undiscovered strength of character and unsuspected resources of nobility and wisdom, have been drowned by the rising tide of prosperity or indolence! Does it need a bloody war to reveal the heroic traits which exist in young men to-day as surely as they were latent in the young men of 1861, or shall some new science of spiritual conservation rescue from waste the undiscovered character which is needed for works of peace not less than for deeds of war?

Or a girl finds herself swept into the revolving circle of social obligations, until her days and nights are exhausted by the give

and take, the shuffling and winning, of the social game. It may be a harmless part she plays, it may even be a frivolity appropriate to her age, yet she becomes more and more aware of unsatisfied ideals, and unfulfilled consecration. A disturbing sense of waste invades her self-centred carelessness, and reveals to her the insidious approach of selfishness, despondency, and despair. "Oh, for some imperative call," she cries, "of duty or desire, of service or sacrifice, which may rescue me from this progressive paralysis of my own soul, and give me, not merely a pleasant use of half my life, but the full use of powers and gifts of which I am dimly and occasionally aware!"

The same sense of unutilized resources confronts one in the larger relations of associated life. The vast work of public charity, for example, in which a fortune is sunk each year, is in most places a monument of extravagance and recklessness, loosely organized, wastefully administered, and reducing to permanent pauperism a considerable proportion of its recipients. In a well-organized modern State there would remain, no doubt, suffering and sickness, old age and death, and these trage-

dies of life would bring with them destitution; but in such a State there would not be pauperism in the sense of a permanently dependent and unemployable class. The poor, as Jesus Christ said, we have always with us; but the pauper, as an English writer has remarked, is a work of art, the creation of wasteful sympathy and legislative inefficiency.

What is true of public relief is not less evident in private charity. When Mr. Charles Booth's monumental study of London first appeared, it seemed to many readers to reach a very shocking conclusion. One third of the population, it appeared, were earning incomes so small and precarious as to leave them below the margin of self-support. An opposite statement of the same facts may, however, be equally suggestive. If it be true that one family out of three is below the poverty-line, it is not less true that two families out of three are above that line, ranging from those who barely maintain self-support to those who live in affluence. In other words, if two such families could combine to bear the burden of one less fortunate home — procuring work, advising in trouble, training children, relieving temporary distress — the whole vast and por-

tentous enterprise of London charity would cease to exist. The problem remains unsolved and threatening simply because the capacity for personal service which already exists in the prosperous classes has not been recognized or applied, and because great numbers of prosperous citizens have not the least idea that they have a personal duty to do, or give any portion of their time and means to do it. If this be true of the huge aggregation of lives which London holds, it is much more obvious in the less overwhelming conditions of smaller towns. Effective relief of the poor cannot be secured by official bureaus or delegated responsibility. It is a personal, individualized and continuous task, to be accomplished only as the social conscience of the entire community, which has so long been a neglected by-product of modern life, is set to fulfil its proper work of saving persons through persons, and applying the force of compassion through the machinery of scientific charity.

When we pass, finally, from physical and moral illustrations of the waste-product of humanity, and come to the religious interests of modern life, the case is the most serious of all. As one surveys the activities of the re-

ligious world, he recognizes with appreciation and gratitude the enormous volume of zeal, generosity and consecration which are devoted to the maintenance and extension of the Christian Church; yet he cannot fail to see at the same time how vast a force of spiritual energy and efficiency is left unutilized by prevailing methods, and what a multitude of persons who ought to be contributors to Christian efficiency are regarded, and even regard themselves, as waste-products, inapplicable to the supreme work of human redemption. To a great and increasing number of thoughtful persons, the Christian Church has become little more than a social organization which is a survival of other ages, or a social club which is of interest to its members alone. Such persons go their way, like the men of the parable, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise; one to his golf, and another to his trade-union; and leave religion to the sentimentalists, the theologians, and the reactionaries. At such a time, what is organized Christianity called on to do? It is summoned to overhaul its machinery and ideals, and to take new account of its efficiency and aims. Are its teachings and methods

utilizing the entire volume of spiritual power which is at its command? Has it not rejected resources which are its legitimate possessions? Has it not deterred from coöperation rather than won to loyalty? Problems of ritual, controversies of creed, rivalries of sects, claims of authority, exhilarating as these activities of the Christian Church may be to the ecclesiastical mind, are to persons bred in the habits of the modern world as remote and unreal as the concerns of another planet. A church must have a doctrine as a body must have clothes, but to regard details of doctrine as the essentials of the Christian life seems to great numbers of people to-day like studying one's necktie and neglecting one's soul. Must it then be confessed that the life of the present age is destined to remain outside the work of religion, — a discarded waste-product, to be given over to irreligion, indifference, and contempt? On the contrary, there never was a more poignant cry than goes up from the modern mind for light on the way of life, for a rational faith, a justified hope, a redemption from sin, a practical Gospel. The soul of the modern man has an unconquerable craving for communion with the Eternal, and cries

with Augustine: "My heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee." The possibilities of the religious life, instead of being limited or outgrown, have never been fairly realized or applied. The greatest of waste-products is the spiritual nature of man. To discriminate between the accidents of faith and its essence, to bring to the service of religion, not a part of a man but the whole of him, to consecrate home, business, politics, art, and science in the name of Christ, to take people just as they are and make them believe in their own spiritual capacity, — this is the work of spiritual conservation which confronts the religion of the future; and this work, if it be undertaken with open minds and genuine faith, may expand and refresh the work of the Christian religion, as some great work of irrigation in the West lets loose the refreshing water upon a desert and makes it wave with an unimagined harvest.

To what conclusion, then, are we led as we trace this waste of power, in forests and in faiths, in the material and spiritual life of man? The first impression one must receive is that of grave disappointment and disillusion. The pride one may have had in his sci-

ence, his education, or his religion becomes supplanted by self-reproach. The opportunities put into one's hands have not been half used. Precious waste-products have been neglected or even unknown. The resources of life have been met by ignorance or stupidity. Yet, not less reasonably, this consciousness of a vast volume of unutilized power may justify, both in individuals and in society, a new and reasonable hope. If it be true that the resources of human character are not half employed; if many a life, which fancies itself irretrievably condemned to routine and commonplace, has in it the capacity for leadership and heroism; if the springs of human efficiency have as yet hardly been tapped; if religion has been cultivated as an exotic, indoor plant, instead of being sown broadly in the soil of modern life with the confident faith that its field is the world; — then the time that is coming, when these waste-products shall be set to work and the meagre use of great possessions supplanted by the conservation of spiritual energy, may be great days both for the world and for the Church. To discover in one's life that which it was meant to be; to rescue it from inefficiency and save

it for others' sakes; to set people at work to save the world instead of expecting to have it saved by the machinery of State or Church; to view the religious life not as a technical and dogmatic possession, but as a rational and human redemption, — that is the task of spiritual conservation which is committed to the present generation to perform. It is like the miracle of the grain, when the soil which has produced a scanty crop responds to science and industry, and surprises its owner with a marvellously abundant harvest. It is like the miracle which the Gospel reports of the feeding of the multitude. The people were hungry, and what was the food they had among so many! But the Master takes the little and makes it much. Out of what seems a morsel he creates a meal; across the centuries he speaks again to many a self-distrustful, hesitating, half-utilized modern life: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost"; and as the fragments of truth or duty are gathered up and freely offered for the service of men, a multitude may be fed by what seemed not enough for one.

II

THE REVEALING OF THE HEART[1]

That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. — *Luke* II, 35.

THIS is the prophecy of the aged Simeon as he stands in the Temple, a few days after the birth of Jesus, holding the baby in his arms. There is hardly any more beautiful scene in history. The old man has been waiting for the consolation of Israel; he is a just and devout man; the Holy Ghost is upon him; and now in his old age he is permitted to see the hope of his nation fulfilled. The lingering past holds the new-born future in his arms, and the old man sings: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Then, still holding the child high before the people, the old man goes on to tell what is to happen, now that this boy is born. He "is set," says Simeon, "for

[1] Cf. *Mornings in the College Chapel*, First Series, p. 78.

the fall and rising again of many in Israel"; and we remember how soon it came to pass that fishermen rose to be apostles, and Pharisees fell under the judgment of Christ. He is to be a sign, goes on Simeon, "which shall be spoken against"; and we remember how soon it happened that the way of Jesus was beset by misinterpretation, slander, and shame. Then, finally, and with a still finer instinct, old Simeon prophesies that, as the last sign of the Messiahship of Jesus, "the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." People, that is to say, who should come into relation with Jesus would not only learn many and wonderful thoughts out of his heart, but they would also have revealed unto themselves the thoughts of their own hearts; and he, on his side, would not only understand these thoughts of other hearts, but he would enable people to understand their own thoughts, and would reveal to them the self which lay within themselves. The gift of Jesus to many a life was to be, not only a revealing of the mysteries of God, but a revealing of one's own spiritual capacity, a consciousness of one's power, a renewal of one's self-respect, the discovery that within one's heart lay

thoughts which were better than one had ever dreamed were there.

So stands the man of the old order looking into the promise of the new; and few things are more wonderful in the story of Jesus than the way in which this prophecy of Simeon soon came to be fulfilled. One after another the people of the New Testament come into the presence of Jesus, some of them sympathizers, some enemies, some puzzled, some impetuous, some neutral, some timid; and to many of the questions which they ask of him they get no satisfying reply. They often remain bewildered about the relation of Christ to his Father and the mission of Christ to the world. Yet, as they pass out of his presence, one thing has been revealed which was perhaps the last thing they had expected. It is the thoughts of their own hearts. They have had themselves disclosed to themselves; and their interior characters, motives, capacities, and sins, which had been hitherto only half understood even by themselves, are clarified, interpreted, and illuminated by their intercourse with Jesus Christ.

Here, for instance, comes Nathanael, doubtful, wary, asking, "Can there any good thing

come out of Nazareth?" and Jesus looks on him and through him, and reading his character — faithful, pure, fit for discipleship — says of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" and Nathanael, who fancied that he was observing and judging Jesus, is turned back upon himself, and says, "Whence knowest thou *me?*" Then Peter comes, inconstant, wavering, more like shifting sand than solid rock, and Jesus looks through him also, and, beneath all the blunders he is to make, and the self-reproach which is to be his, perceives the underlying capacity for ultimate leadership, and says of him, fickle and impetuous as he seems to himself, "Thou shalt be called a rock." Then Pilate comes, wary, sagacious, anxious to be unentangled in the case of Jesus, and his temporizing, worldly wisdom is laid bare at a stroke as Jesus says, "Thou sayest that I am a king," and instead of judging Jesus, Pilate is judged and condemned. So they come, and so they pass: the woman of Samaria, touched with a wonder she had not thought was hers to feel: the woman who was a sinner, recalled to the virtue she had thought was lost. It is as though these figures came up out of the shadow and passed before

the penetrating rays of the person of Jesus, and he shone on them for a moment and revealed to them a self within themselves, and they passed on with a sense of significance and power given to their obscure and insignificant lives.

Such was the extraordinary fulfilment of the old man's prophecy, and it remains a promise which gives courage and hope to many a modern life. This is a wonderful time and a wonderful America in which it is our privilege to live: a time, we are told, of the greatest diffusion of general prosperity recorded in the history of the world; a time of quite unprecedented transformations in industry, and of amazing increase in productiveness and power. Never before was the world so highly organized or so mechanically perfect; and yet out of this aggregated life there issues one new peril, which threatens to rob all these gains of half their glory. It is the peril of a suppressed and undiscovered personality, the merging of the individual in the movement of the mass, the risk that in this vast organization of efficiency the thoughts of many hearts shall remain quite unrevealed.

Here is this mighty movement of industrial

and political life, with its huge aggregation of material forces and of masses of men; but in this complicated mechanism of the modern world, where is the place for the individual soul? What is it but one part of the great machine, one little wheel interlocking and revolving with the rest? A workman, a clerk, a factory hand, a teacher, a scholar, looks at his life, so fragmentary, so mechanical, so impersonal, and cries out: "Why should I have any thought in my heart? Why should I have any heart? What am I but one shuttle in the great mill of modern life as it weaves the rich product of the modern time?" I stood once by the death- bedof such a man — a clerk in a vast establishment — and we talked together of the death that seemed approaching, and the man looked up into my face out of his sad experience of a de-personalized and mechanical life and said, "Sir, I have been dead and buried for twenty years." That is the seamy side of our material development. It is what the economists call the "cost of progress," or the "anonymousness of industry," where a human life, instead of having revealed to it the thoughts of its own heart, is simply one more cog in the great machine.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on
the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more."

When one turns to the other end of life, from its work to its play, from the routine of industrial life to the routine of social life, is it not much the same? How mechanical, formal, oppressive, unreal, it often seems! What is it that brings to many a young man or woman a great sense of recoil from the habits and demands of modern life, its conventionalism, its uniformity, its incessant round of social obligations and routine? It is the same fear that the thoughts of one's own heart may be crushed by the weight of the mass, so that personality, individuality, originality, liberty, life itself, may be lost. The very slang of the day exhibits the social world as an aggregate and impersonal movement, in which the individual sinks. One person says that he "keeps up with the procession," as though the problem of his life were that of a little boy who keeps step with the band; another person says that he is "in the swim," as though he were a kind of conscious chip in the middle of a resistless current; and out of all this

submerging civilization many a young life lifts itself up and cries: "Oh, to be myself! Oh, to be taken out of this stream of things and to find a place where I may stand on my feet! What shall it profit me if I gain all the world and lose my own soul? Somehow, somewhere, Oh world in which I seem irrevocably set, reveal to me the thoughts of my own heart!"

What is it, then, which can rescue such lives as these? It is a revival of moral courage, a renewed sense of capacity, a restoration of faith in their own thoughts. They may deserve the rebuking of mistakes, but they need much more the fortifying of self-respect. They have a conviction of sin, but they lack a conviction of power. A great flood of conventionalism and conformity has swept over the modern world, and bears on its crest a wave of personal discouragement and impotency, until many a life finds itself almost drowned beneath the choking pressure of the world's work or the paralyzing *ennui* of the world's play; and the recovery of faith, not in God or in Christ alone, but in one's self, the rescue of the life from the things that crush the life, becomes the elementary desire and prayer of many a modern soul.

Now, to people living thus in an age of machinery, to people thus swept along by the swift stream of living yet thirsty for the water of life, there comes this first message of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Christian religion begins with one great assumption — that human beings are children of God; that neither dulness nor hardness nor lack of opportunity altogether robs one of the right to be good and to do good; that this is what people are made for; that when any child of God, even in a far country of sin and shame, turns to the Father, then, as was said of the Prodigal, "he comes to himself"; that it was not his true self which had wandered away, but that he had wandered away from his true self; that the thoughts of one's own heart which call one to his best are the call of God to the inheritance which all the time belonged to the child. Believing all this, Jesus believed in people just as they were. He believed in them even when they did not believe in themselves. He believed in Peter, though Peter denied him; he believed in Thomas, though Thomas doubted him; he discerned the potential capacity of men before they had recognized it themselves. He took them just as

they were, and through his faith in them created in them the character which they had not supposed they could assume, until the secrets which were hidden from them in their own hearts were through his faith in them finally revealed. It was a pedagogical instinct in Jesus. He had the mind of the born teacher. He knew that little can be got out of a life by a teacher except by the teacher's faith that each life is made for something, and that to draw out the Divine intention for that life is the teacher's task and joy. That, indeed, is what millions of people have meant by being saved by Jesus Christ. It is not that they have been saved from torment, or saved from themselves, but that they have been saved *to* themselves, so that the possibilities of their own nature have been revealed to them, and the thoughts of their own hearts which they had lost have been found.

I was reading a while ago a little book in which the author told the story of his own life, and in the preface he had written : "This is a book with but one intention — that in being read, it may read you." That is what might be said of the influence of the Gospels. They are the story of a life ; but, in being read, they read

you. They report to you, not only the story of Jesus, but the story of your own experience. It is not only you that find their meaning; but, as Coleridge said, they "find you." In his letter to the Corinthians the Apostle Paul tells the same story in a striking figure. It is, he writes, as though the Christian were set before a wonder-working mirror, in which was reflected the glory of God. At first the image of this glory dazzles the beholder, and he puts a veil between it and himself; but gradually, as he looks again into the mirror, he discerns his own features reflected back to him, but touched with something of that glory which was itself too bright to bear, until at last his own image is changed into the image of the Divine likeness, so that the looker-on becomes like that on which he looks. "Beholding," the Apostle says, "as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image . . . by the spirit of the Lord." That, he thinks, is what may happen as one looks steadily into the mirror of God. It is not that he shall be all at once made perfect, but that by degrees the veil shall be drawn away before the magic glass, and he shall see his imperfect thoughts touched with the glory of

God's intention, until that which he is changes before him into that which he prays to be, as by the spirit of the Lord.

Here, then, is an aspect of the religion of Jesus Christ which may make a starting-point for rational discipleship. It is not the whole of his gospel; it is not the profoundest part of his gospel; but it may be the first gift of his religion to many a timid, hesitating, bewildered man. When one recalls the motives which through the Christian centuries have operated most strongly to stir the higher life, they turn out, in the main, to have been two. On the one hand is the motive of self-reproach, on the other hand is the motive of self-respect. One is the scorn of sin, the other is the desire for holiness. Both of these motives have a legitimate part in the creation of the Christian character; but the first and expulsive force which drives out evil has had an enormously greater place than the second and attractive force which draws to good. The first is the cry of Paul: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and it has been taken up by teachers of religion, as though the secret of holiness lay in the confession of helplessness. In Jesus, however,

we hear for the most part the other note. He too understands the power of self-reproach; he too welcomes the confession, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"; but with Jesus the sense of impotency is but a step on the way to the sense of strength, like a soldier's sudden sinking of heart when he is summoned to charge. The call of God, as Jesus heard it, is the call of a commander who has faith in his men; the call to courage, to advance, to victory. Jesus does not merely tell men that they are weak; he makes them believe that they are strong. He bids them never to believe in less than their own best. He shows them the way up the heights they desire to scale, and goes before them on that hard path, so that they follow in his steps where they had thought they could not go. That is the Christian method — the renewal of courage by the communication of power, the transfiguration of life in the mirror of God, so that it is changed by that into which it looks. Discipleship brings with it self-discovery. Returning to the Father is coming to one's self. The Christian life develops unsuspected power. Intimacy with Jesus Christ is the revelation of one's own heart.

There are many things which people want to get from their religion and which religion does not seem to bestow. They want to be assured of their future; they want to be saved from their past; they want their present made easier; and all these prayers seem to leave them just about where they were. The old routine, the inexorable machinery, still environs them, and they begin to wonder what their religious faith was meant to do. One of the most striking facts in the ministry of Jesus is that the same business in which his disciples were engaged when he first met them was the business in which he left them at the end. They were fishermen tending their nets at the beginning of the Gospel of Matthew, and they were fishermen still tending their nets at the end of the Gospel of John. What, then, did Jesus do for them? The old life, just as it was, had become to them a new life, because they had discovered within it a possible companionship with the creative work of God, so that the same persons who had cast their nets with the dull stolidity of many a modern fisherman found themselves called to put forth into the deep and catch men.

That is the miracle which religion still waits to perform. The work of faith is not to transform one's circumstances or to lessen the pressure of routine, but to disentangle from that routine the thoughts of the heart, as the fingers of Peter and Andrew disentangled themselves from the meshes of their nets as they rose up and followed Christ. In the midst of the inevitable routine and detail of the world a life starts up and says: "I am not a cog; I am not a wheel; I am not a chip; I am a child of God, a partaker of the Divine nature, a laborer with God, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ." Then experience is transformed from prose to poetry, and the ideals of life become its realities, and the secrets of the heart are revealed; and as one looks into the magic mirror of God his little fragmentary, fruitless life is changed into some dim reflection of the glory of the Lord.

The tapestry weavers of Paris, it is said, did their work at the back of the picture which they created, where they saw only the fragments of their task and the loose ends which were left behind; but from time to time the workman might rise from the corner

where he worked and go round to the other side and see the total picture in which each had his slight but essential share. That is religion — the going round to the other side of things, the seeing the whole of that in which one has his fragmentary part; and that is what gives to life its dignity, patience, and joy. The loose ends fall into their places when one sees the Master Craftsman's plan, and the thoughts of many hearts are at last united, interpreted, and revealed.

III

WORK AND REVELATION

But the servants which drew the water knew. — *John* II, 9.

THIS sentence seems to have slipped almost by accident into the record. It is printed in our translation between two parenthesis marks, as though it were not an essential part of the story. The writer seems to feel called to explain how the miracle of which he writes came to be known. The guests, he says, for whose sake it happened, did not notice that a miracle had been performed. They took the gift of God and thought it a gift from man. "Thou hast kept the good wine until now," they said jestingly to the bridegroom. Even the ruler of the feast "tasted the water that was made wine and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew.)" While they were doing the work of the feast, they came to recognize the guest of the feast. They filled the water pots as he bade them, but when they

drew the water it was wine. What began as a servant's task ended as a Divine revelation. They knew what those whom they served failed to learn. The bridegroom's friends received the wine, but the bridegroom's servants received the Messiah. The guests departed as ignorant as they came, but the servants which drew the water knew.

One should not look for fanciful meanings in the legends which soon gathered round the early days of the great teacher. Perhaps the writer meant no more than to claim the witness of the servants for the truth of the miracle. If any one doubted, let him ask the servants who did the bidding of Jesus, for they had positive evidence that the water had been made wine. It seems like the unsophisticated report of one who fancied, as many fancy still, that to be a Messiah one must be a magician, and that the power to convert souls from sin is shown by the power to convert water into wine. Yet, even though the writer were unaware of any deeper meaning — and indeed, the better if he was unaware of it — this interpolated verse brings us to the heart of the story. It was not, it says, the partakers of the feast, but the providers of the feast, who re-

cognized the miracle. The guests went their way, and as the work of Jesus broadened and his fame went "into all the villages roundabout," it was perhaps these friends of his youth who said: "How can this be the Messiah? Did we not sit with him at the wedding in Cana, where the wine was good? Search and see, for out of Nazareth cometh no prophet"; "And every man went to his own house." But behind the careless company in this pleasant picture of a village festival stand always these figures of the servants at their work, their bodies bending to serve the tables, but their faces aglow with the surprise of revelation. Knowledge had come to them through service. Their task had become their teacher. In the doing of their work their eyes were opened to the truth which others could not see. Those who received the wine might doubt or deny; but the servants which drew the water knew.

However, then, one may regard the historical testimony to this early tradition of the youth of Jesus, or however little the miracle itself may seem to teach of his spiritual mission, this incidental allusion announces a law of experience, which is as plain in its opera-

tion to-day as it was in Cana of Galilee. We must not misread the teaching. It does not merely set the workers of the world over against the idlers, commending work and rebuking pleasure. Jesus, it must be remembered, was himself one of the wedding guests. He was no ascetic, preaching like John the Baptist a stern message of self-abnegation. He shared the joys and welcomed the happiness of human life. John came, it is written, "neither eating nor drinking"; but of Jesus it was said, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners." The kingdom of heaven was to him a glad and happy hope; its coming was like the celebration of a great feast, like the marriage of a king's son, like a march of maidens to meet the bridegroom. It is not, that is to say, a sign of the Christian character to be always at work, like a servant at his task; or to find in relaxation and recreation a temptation or a sin. One of the most convincing aspects of the teaching of Jesus is the healthy-minded sympathy with which he welcomes the normal pleasures of life. "These things have I spoken unto you," he says, "that my joy might remain with you, and that your joy might be full."

Yet, on the other hand, the teaching of Jesus dwells with a steady emphasis on the religious significance of common daily work. No contrast between the tradition of Rome and the religion which was to conquer Rome is more striking than this. To a Roman, work was a task for slaves, and idleness a privilege of the free-born. Work was degrading, compulsory, despised. A Roman citizen spent his days at the Forum, the baths, or the games; not at the shop, the forge, or the bench. When the Apostle Paul was writing to young Timothy of Christian duty, the very words he used must have carried to a Roman ear the thought of servitude. "Study to show thyself," he said, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (*operarius non erubescendus*). A Roman would have changed the advice to read: "Study to avoid the shame of being a workman. Prove thyself free-born by emancipation from the slavery of work." This was one of the characteristics of the new religion which made it most difficult for the Roman aristocracy to accept. It was not only a theological innovation; it was a social revolution. It reversed the old order of values and seemed made for slaves rather than for nobles. As was said of

it in Thessalonica, it "turned the world upside down."

Thus it happened that the beginnings of Christianity were among plain working-people, doing the common tasks of a working world. Jesus himself, in his home, his training, and his companionships, belonged neither among the luxurious rich nor, as is now sometimes said, among the outcasts and destitute, but among plain working-people, such as carpenters and fishermen. The Apostle Paul abode with Aquila and Priscilla, "because he was of the same craft . . . for by their occupation they were tent-makers." From this social environment Jesus drew his parables of the kingdom. The people whom he accepted as types of discipleship were working-people, doing their ordinary tasks. The porter at the gate, the watchman on his tower, the sower in the field, the servants guarding their lord's money, the woman sweeping her house, — these, and such as these, seemed to him ready for their Master's coming; and ever since these parables were spoken, and however alienated from the Christian Church the workers of the world may have been, the teaching of Jesus has been welcomed among them because it speaks the

language and honors the motives of humble, honest, daily work.

That, however, is not the whole teaching of the servants at Cana. They are not merely commended as workers, but are made the instruments of revelation, the witnesses of the miracle, the discoverers of the Divine. Had they not been at their work, the Master might have had no welcome. None but the servants knew that it was he, and nothing but their work gave them their knowledge. There is, in other words, a peculiar connection between work and insight, between fidelity and faith, between doing and knowing, which none but the workers of the world discover, and which is the final justification and redemption of the work one has to do.

If that be true, it is good news for the world. For the common view of one's work, even if it be not the Roman view of contempt, is at least an impression that work, in its very nature, is restrictive and repressive, a kind of penal discipline, an enslaving of the spirit, a thing to be done and have over with if the higher life is to be attained. To learn one's lessons and to be free from them; to finish one's work and then to have liberty and leis-

ure; to work one's way out of work and then to sit as a guest at the feast of life while others serve its tables, — that may be safely said to represent the ambition of the great majority of workers. And it is, of course, true that much of the routine and drudgery of work is very hard to idealize; that much of modern industry converts a human being into a part of a great machine; that the making of a living may easily be mistaken for the making of a life. Yet, in spite of all these perils which beset almost every kind of work, there remains, in the experience of a great many busy people, one surprising discovery, which redeems life from discouragement or despair. It is the discovery that the influences which are most permanent and effective for the guidance of life are met, not as one escapes from his work, but as he does his work; that insight, self-mastery, the total view of duty which makes one's real creed, are, in the main, the products of one's habitual fidelity or indifference to his daily task, the outcome of work despised or of work well done.

The moment one recalls how life is necessarily spent it becomes evident that this must be true. Three fourths of one's waking hours

for six days in the week are given to work; and a minute fraction of the rest, — an hour on Sunday, a moment of prayer, an occasional half-hour with a book or on some solitary and pensive walk, may be given to one's faith or worship or creed. Is it probable that the thoughts and ideals thus hastily seized can compare in formative effect with the continuous pressure and hardening mould of the unconscious hours? It is easy to deceive oneself here and to fancy that a moment of passionate feeling, or an occasional flash of interest, may dominate one's work; and such abrupt transformations do indeed occur. But it is much more likely that the practice and principles of one's daily work are shaping one's real creed of hope or distrust, of faith or despair, and that the brief hours of exaltation or of peace are the luxuries, rather than the necessities, of life. Recreation and relaxation have their part in any rational life, but the practical creed which governs our fundamental decisions is for the most part the slow and often unconscious consequence of the habitual conduct of our daily affairs. The wedding guests got what they came for, — good company and good wine; but the servants, doing their daily busi-

ness, found the Messiah, and knew that it was he.

Let us trace this principle a little way into our modern life. The entire structure of education, for example, is built on this faith in work as revelation. Education is not information. To be educated is not to be admitted to a feast of knowledge or to partake of its attractive fare. A young person is not educated when he has acquired a large amount of undigested facts. An educated man is not a walking encyclopedia. Education, as the word suggests, is the drawing out of the person educated. Out from within a little animal is drawn by wise education a human mind capable of self-direction and self-scrutiny. The first principle of a modern education is to discover this person and wake him up, to kindle initiative, to make things interesting, to persuade the mind to grow. One such impulse felt, one response of the mind to truth, however crude or casual it may be, is worth a hundred facts. The little child is set to form his own combination of numbers or shapes, the growing boy makes his own crude little experiments in poetry or art, the student at the university works in his laboratories

and at his elective studies, — and all alike are embarked in the great enterprise of self-discovery, which, whatever other issue it may have, in knowledge or skill, has as its ultimate aim the creation of an educated mind.

Thus it may happen that the years intended to be those of education may be years of disastrous waste. A youth may devote his time and ingenuity, not to the problem of studying, but to the more difficult problem of evading study; not to doing his work, but to escaping the doing of it. He wants to sit at the feast of education without drawing the water of education. Nor is this pleasant, irresponsible experience without its reward. Much happiness is to be found in the years appropriated to education by those who make them years of play. They have precisely the pleasure which any guest may receive at an abundant feast. What, then, is it which the indolent and indifferent lose? It is a more permanent and a more subtle loss than at first appears, — the loss of education itself. The children in a New York public school were set one day to write their answer to the question: "What is the difference between an educated man and an intelli-

gent man?" and one little Polish girl replied: "An educated man gets his 'thinks' from some one else; an intelligent man 'works his own thinks.'" Now the fundamental aim of modern education is to abolish this distinction between an educated man and an intelligent man; to train people not to borrow or inherit their ideas, but to get them for themselves, by personal and continuous work. Education is like athletics. One cannot grow strong by looking on while other people play. The mind that is lazy grows soft, like the muscle that is unused. Strength and efficiency come of exercise; not by sitting on the side-lines, but by playing the game. The indolent guests got the wine and missed the miracle, but the busy servants, drawing the water, knew.

The same revelation through work may be observed in those larger social movements which make up what we call the Labor Question, and which concern most intimately what we describe as the working-classes. What is the most alarming symptom of the present industrial situation? It is not, as is often imagined, the conflict of wage-earners and employers, or the issue between capital and labor; for these, with all their friction and bitterness,

are at least signs of vitality and progress. The Labor Question is in itself a sign, not of national degeneration, but of national education. It is conspicuous, not among the most backward nations, but among the most advanced. It meets a civilization, not on its way down, but on its way up. It is a part of that cost of progress which the industrial world has to pay. The most disquieting aspect of the situation lies much deeper. It is the prevailing belief, to be observed on both sides of the conflict, that work itself is intrinsically evil, and that happiness and liberty are to be found by restricting or dodging work and multiplying the chances of liberty and play. The employer works so that some day he shall be beyond the necessity of working; and the employed, by every means of strategy or force, reduce the amount and efficiency of the work they are compelled to do.

Now, no one can question that much of the work of the modern world needs redeeming from its dehumanizing and mechanical forms. The humanization of industry is the crying problem of this age of speed and power. Yet, however threatening are the perils of work, or overwork, or degrading work, it does not

follow that work itself is to be regarded as a curse. On the contrary, the chief source of self-respect, self-discipline, intellectual power, and moral growth is to be found in the work one has to do; and whenever the impression prevails, either among rich or poor, that work is enslaving or degrading, there, whether in ancient Rome or in modern America, is not only social unrest, but moral decline. When God drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise and said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," the decree was not, as some theologians have described it, the curse of man, but his original blessing. "The fall of man," as Theodore Parker once said, "was a fall upward." The first step toward civilization was taken when Adam began to learn the lessons of self-mastery and foresight, which nothing but the sweat of work could teach. This is the law of nature which one may see in our day operating like a Divine judgment among the idle rich. They have not only missed the satisfactions of work, but they suffer also a progressive decline in the capacity for enjoyment. The less they have to do, the more they yield to exhaustion, *ennui*, despondency and despair. They sit as

guests at the bountiful table of life and do not even enjoy its abundance, while the servants, doing the work of life, testify what good wine life has to give.

And here, to turn the matter round, is the deeper meaning of the modern movement of industrial education. To be taught to work, to learn a trade, to train one's hands, is in one aspect a form of insurance against poverty. The chance of a good workman's not finding a job is small. The great majority of the unemployed in this country are unemployable because untrained. But quite apart from this economic result of industrial education is the moral effect of work on character. As a boy fits the joints of boards with accuracy and precision, he learns, not carpentering only, but honesty, fidelity, truthfulness, and patience. As a girl does her household work with patience and skill, that work is making her scrupulous, observant, obedient, and refined. The real significance of teaching the hands is its training of character. Self-confidence, self-control, and foresight all follow from work well done. The servants who drew the water seemed assigned to a very humble task, but in the doing of that task the miracle was

known, and but for them we might never have been talking of it to-day.

Thus it sometimes happens that one discovers among plain hand-workers a kind of sagacity, insight, and accuracy of judgment which presents an extraordinary contrast with the inert and unobservant minds, not to say the stupidity, of many employers of labor. One of the most dramatic aspects of the modern labor movement is the emergence out of the ranks of very plain people, without the advantages of training or experience, of a capacity for leadership and an administrative wisdom which is quite a match for the brains of capitalists and financiers. Blunders, follies, and even crimes, have no doubt blotted the history of the labor agitation, as they have the history of business corporations, yet it remains a startling fact that out of the experience of wage-earners themselves, with hardly a trace of direction from above, there should have been created vast and stable organizations, which must be recognized as monuments of sagacity, fraternity, and courage. It is the effect of work on intellect and character, the discovery of power through the doing of tasks, the way of enlightenment for those who have

no privilege of study and must make their life while they make their living.

I heard some years ago some interesting testimony on this point at a remarkable conference in a surprising place. A meeting had been arranged at Oxford of the Labor leaders of England with some of the University circle, and it occurred in the garden of Balliol College. Never had those gray walls and clinging ivies looked down upon a stranger assemblage, and never were words more appealing than the plea of the working-men for the better education of their sons. Yet on the other hand, nothing could have been more outspoken and confident than the belief of these hand-workers that there were aspects of truth which they could appreciate better than academic minds, and ways of leadership which must be discovered through the experience of work. Much might be hidden from them of science or of art, but much had been taught them by the necessities of their tasks. "It is a daily astonishment to us in the House of Commons," one of the representatives of the wage-earners said, "to observe how admirably the men who have been trained at Oxford express themselves, and at the same time how little of

importance they often have to say." These men, in other words, had learned how to use their own advantages instead of envying the advantages of others; and the habit of work had given even to their speech a compactness, cogency, and — so to speak — a workmanlike quality, which they missed in more sophisticated men.

That is one hopeful aspect of the labor agitation. With all its turbulence and animosity, it has at least stimulated in an amazing degree the latent faculties of great numbers of men, and developed an administrative skill and even an effective eloquence, of the very existence of which many of the more privileged classes are not yet aware. In fact, the most immediate need of the present industrial situation is to add to the education of the working people a corresponding education of the employing class, and to match by a new quality of wisdom and sympathy the new training which the wage-earners, with great labor and many blunders, are getting for themselves. If the fortunate guests who sit at the feast of prosperity rest content with the irresponsible enjoyment of the good wine of life as it is freely poured for them, it

may come to pass that the servants who draw the water will work a miracle of self-discovery and self-help before their very eyes.

We come, then, to the philosophy of life which facts like these illustrate. There are many paths which lead to truth. One may proceed along the way of logical reasoning, where he meets the philosophers, the men of science, or the theologians. It is the high road of the mind, traveled by the greatest thinkers; the straightest road, not to be abandoned or despised. But it is not the only way to truth. Truth is not aristocratic; sound thinking is not a monopoly of the educated; and one reason why philosophy and theology have lost their hold on great numbers of minds is because there has been prescribed as the only way to truth a road which only trained thinkers may hope to go. Or again, one may find his way toward truth along the road of the imagination, where he walks with the artists or the poets. Vistas toward reality open through the emotional life which are infinitely alluring and revealing. Beauty, joy, sympathy, love, — all link life with the Eternal. The spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. Yet this winding lane of the imagina-

tion is no more the only way to truth than is the turnpike-road of logic. Here is the world-old issue between the mystic and the rationalist, between feeling and reason, a parting of ways where the sign-post points to one road straight over the hills, and to another through the valleys, but where both roads lead to the journey's end. And then, finally, there is a way to truth, less direct perhaps than the way of reasoning, less charming than the way of feeling, — a rough road, it may be, often shadeless and hot, — yet none the less reaching its end, which runs along the dusty path of duty and across the dry plains of common work. Through the routine of life the will takes up its march, and as it trudges along, footsore and weary, it lifts its eyes, and behold, the truth which seemed reached by other paths is not far away, and the duty-doer enters with the thinker and the poet through the gate into the City. That is the most important discovery which plain men and women, necessarily absorbed with the prosaic work of education or business or wage-earning or home-keeping, can learn, — that fidelity to one's task is not only good for its own sake, but is one of the ways by which truth is

acquired and revelation attained. There are wonderful truths awaiting both the exploration of the reason and the flight of the imagination, but to many a man these paths to knowledge are simply barred, while straight before his feet is the work of life, the vocation and obligation which seem to shut in one's soul and shut out one's vision; yet as one goes this path, steadily and straight, the meaning of life may open before the eyes of the will, and the feet of duty may stand at last before the gate of truth.

And this, it is well to remember, is not only a way which experience may test, but the way also along which Jesus Christ led the plain men whom he had chosen for his disciples. Great truths indeed he taught to the reason; great emotions he communicated to the heart; but when he would draw his followers most directly to himself he spoke, first of all, to their wills. "Follow me," he said; "take up thy cross and follow, and the way of service may be to thee the way of revelation." "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these least, ye do it unto me." "He that willeth to do the will shall know of the doctrine." What a comforting word is that to the great multitude of

humble lives who do not know much about Christian theology, and have not time to study it, but are willing, at the bench and forge, in their counting-houses and offices, in their shops and homes, to do the Will as it is made plain to them. To them it is promised that along this way, even if by no other, they shall come to know of the doctrine. First loyalty, fidelity, service, and then — some day — conviction, assurance, revelation. That is the Christian method. The work of the world is one way to knowledge of the Eternal. Wonderful indeed is the feast of opportunity spread before the life of the present age, great are its gifts to thought and rich its appeal to the imagination, but those who have neither brains for high thinking nor leisure for deep emotion may turn back to the inevitable business of their lives with the assurance that they too have a share in the revelation of God. For them is told once more the story of the servants of the feast, and to them, across the centuries, comes the promise to the workers of the world: "The servants which drew the water knew."

IV

THE OPENING DOORS[1]

I am the door. — *John* x, 7.

THERE are two kinds of religious experience which are so distinct from each other as to speak different languages, and appeal to different circumstances of age or need. These two kinds of religion have the same source, but they move in opposite directions, like two streams which have their springs on the same mountain but flow down different slopes to different seas. One kind of religion thinks of life as at rest; the other kind thinks of life as in motion. One is the answer to the prayer for peace; the other is the answer to the prayer for power. One is the religion of repose; the other is the religion of action. One is the religion of age; the other of youth. According to one, Jesus says: "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest"; according to the other,

[1] Cf. *Mornings in the College Chapel*, Second Series, p. 4.

he says : "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow." According to one, the great word of the New Testament is the saying : "I am the Truth" ; according to the other, the most persuasive message of Jesus is the saying : "I am the door." Both of these ways of religion are real. What many a tired life desires is rest after pain, relief from care, a place of safety from the troubles of the world ; and to such a life the peaceful security of a Christian faith opens like a quiet harbor of refuge after anxious days of tossing storm. But there are many lives which do not crave this sense of security. On the contrary, the desire to retreat from life, the anxious search for a harbor, is precisely what makes religion seem to many healthy, happy lives uninteresting and remote, — appropriate for the weak, the discouraged, or the dying, but not for the young, the strong, and the brave. What their lives want is not rest, but motion ; not idleness, but usefulness ; not a harbor of refuge, but the large adventures of the open sea. You watch a battered wreck as it is towed into the harbor, and you say, "Take her to some safe dock, and moor her where no storm can come, for she is too

weather-beaten to leave port"; but when you see a well-built vessel standing out into the bay you say, "There goes a craft which can laugh at storms; her mission is not to rest, but to move; her captain asks, not a dock to lie in, but a course to steer and a port to reach some day." It is a picture of the undiscouraged, expectant, normal human life, not yet resigned to the religion of age, but asking further guidance into the unexplored, the unrevealed, the perilous yet beckoning unknown. To such a life comes this promise, more than once repeated, and issuing from the last hours of the life of Jesus: "I am the door. Through me men enter into their larger life. I am the way. I give the course to steer. I open the gate of opportunity. My gospel is not one of peace alone, but one of progress and power." This is the aspect of the teaching of Jesus to which we turn to-day. It is not the whole gospel. It is not the message of religion to the tired, the aged, the sinners, or the mourners: but it is the answer to the wholesome, natural desire of many an eager, questioning, restless, unsatisfied, hesitating, self-distrustful, youthful life.

"I am the door!" It is curious to see how

often the progress of life through the successive incidents of experience is like the passing from one room to another of some ample house through a succession of opening doors. You enter one room and the door closes behind you, and there seems no way out; but while you seem thus shut in, another door unexpectedly opens before you, and you go on into a larger room beyond. This, for instance, is the story of each step in education. A child is shut in among the first principles of his task, and it seems to him a narrow, restricted, penal experience, from which he longs to be set free. What are these tiresome rules of grammar, he asks, these exercises of composition, these preposterous problems of rooms to paper and cord-wood to measure, but parts of a prison discipline ingeniously devised to repress the spirits of a healthy boy? Is it not all, as one child said of learning the alphabet, going through a great deal to get very little? Then, in some happy hour, under the touch of some real teacher, or through the inspiration of some book or thought or friend, these abstractions of education become transformed into realities. A door opens from this unmeaning discipline into significance, mas-

tery, progress; and the child looks through that door into the larger room of usefulness, accuracy, science, insight, joy, to which the ante-chamber of these unwelcome tasks is now seen to be the only way.

The same story may be told of the higher education. A youth passes from the compulsion of the school-room to the liberty of the university, and there confronts him the perplexing problem of the choice of studies. The vast diversity of the elective system lies before him with its confusing abundance, and he is bewildered by the sudden expansion of his intellectual life. When, however, he considers more seriously the problem of choice, this sense of liberty is changed into a new sense of limitation. What is this increase of freedom but a new form of compulsion? Liberty to choose many subjects means necessity to choose a few. Here and there in the world of scholarship are regions which he may enter, but there remains many an alluring field of study which he cannot hope to explore. Many a door must be left unopened, and many another passed barely beyond the threshold, if he would advance with any confidence into his special pursuit. What a shut-in experience,

then, the liberty of the modern scholar comes to be! What has become of that earlier tradition of a symmetrical culture which marked the gentleman of two generations ago, — the education which could embellish talk with quotations from the classics, which knew something of many things instead of everything of something of which no one else knew even the name? How narrow seems the field — say rather, the rut — of the modern student; and with what a sigh he abandons the earlier ideal of a comprehensive culture under the compulsion of a specialized world!

What is it, then, which can restore self-respect to modern scholarship? It is the discovery that this world of spacious learning, this sense of amplitude and liberty, which seems at first shut out by the specialization of studies, is to be reached in no other way than through the narrow entrance of specialized work. The door, indeed, shuts behind one as he turns to his chosen task, and shuts out many delightful undertakings which he abandons with regret. Concentration of attention becomes the stern law of success; but of a sudden, out of the narrow room which he has entered, at some unanticipated point, like

a secret passage in a solid rock, another door opens, out of limitation into enlargement, out of facts into principles, and the student discovers that the task which seemed restrictive is in fact the essential preliminary of insight, wisdom, and power. First the narrow passage of specialized learning, then the opening door into the general law, the glimpse of the larger truth, the step into mastery, — that is the way which the modern scholar has to go.

The same experience meets one in more dramatic fashion as he goes his further way into the world. A young man leaves college and looks about him in life for a work which is worth his doing and which he is fit to do, and the first impression which confronts him is of limitation and restriction; the doubt whether there be any room left for such as he, the lack of any outlook toward a large, full, human kind of life. It is not that he demands much of the world. All he asks is what he calls an "opening." "Give me but a chance," he says, "and I will take my chances." But the world's work shuts him in between the walls of some confining task, and with a sense of hopelessness he surrenders himself to its inevitable routine and detail, as though the

one thing he could not have was the "opening" he desires. He will not shirk even repressive obligations; he will try to believe in the dignity of labor, even when that labor is mechanical, insignificant, and dull; but at the end of the day it is as though the silent figure of Life stood with its back against the door which leads to larger service, holding him off as he would force it open; and he cries out: "Is this shut-in space all the room I am to have, and this meagre opportunity the end to which my conscientious service leads? Oh Life, that seems to mock me with thy silence, give me my chance! Open the close-shut door!"

Then, one day, in a manner altogether unanticipated and incalculable, this man's chance arrives. The door opens, sometimes in quite another place from that which he anticipates — not where the door seemed to be, but where the wall seemed blank and impenetrable; and the young man is called into the larger room, of which his restricted duty was the essential vestibule, and his fidelity to that duty the only key. You do the shut-in task and it opens into the larger opportunity; you face the limited duty and the larger duty discloses itself

just beyond. The door beyond opens only as the door behind is shut. Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leads to life. To him that is faithful in that which is least, that which is much is revealed. That is what makes life so rich, so surprising, so romantic, — that the little that is known is the gate of the greater unknown, and the little that one does makes it possible to do more. Sometimes these antechambers of experience are mysterious and dark; and duty, sacrifice, sickness close round one's chances of enlargement like prison-cells which shut in nearer and nearer as though they were to crush one to death. But this is the miracle of many a shut-in experience — that in the black, hard wall as it approaches, there appears, first, a tiny beam of light, then a view beyond it to peace and hope, and then at last an open door, through which one sees as never before the meaning of life and passes into a use of life to which nothing but that dark approach could have disclosed the way.

Such is the story of multitudes of lives — the surprising and miraculous story of life's opening doors. But now, suppose one sums up all these scattered incidents of experience

and thinks of the whole of life as thus consciously led from room to room, to richer gifts of opportunity and liberty, of duty and beauty, what is this way of life which opens thus from door to door? Why, this is nothing else than religion; or more accurately, this is the first gift of the religion of Jesus Christ to the life of a young man in the modern world. It is often fancied that the religious life is a narrowing, restrictive, disciplinary experience. You give up things; you deny yourself; you are shut in by pledges, by creeds, by priests; and then you are a Christian. Renunciation, "*Entsagen*," as Carlyle said, becomes the great word of faith. The religious life, under such a definition, is not a thing in motion, but at rest; not a form of progress, but a way of peace. No greater mistake can be made about religion than to reduce it to this negative, ascetic, monastic state of mind. Submission, self-denial, resignation, are indeed asked of every man some day; but the first appeal of the religion of Jesus Christ to normal and healthy youth is to the sense of power, initiative, action, and desire. It asks, first of all, not denial but affirmation; not renunciation but acceptance; not a retreat but an advance. "I am come,"

says Jesus, "that they may have life and may have it abundantly." "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." It is not a soft and easy world which is thus offered, with no burdens to be borne. "Take up thy cross," says Jesus, "and follow!" But even this is a demand, not for resignation — as though one lay limp and helpless before the cross of Christ — but for strength to take up one's cross like a man and follow, even though stumblingly, where the way of the cross must go. The purpose of Jesus Christ is not to efface personality, but to discover personality; not to save people out of the world, but to make people fit to save the world. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"; "All things are yours"; "I am the way," — these are the great commands which reverberate through the New Testament — words of growth, enlargement, progress, power. Other aspects of the teaching of Jesus make their appeal to other moods as one enters deeper among the experiences of life; but the first word that meets the shut-in, hesitating, self-distrustful life is the summons of Jesus to go forward: "I am the door."

And how is it, one goes on to ask, that re-

ligion thus opens the doors of life? It does so, we must answer, in two ways, — first by giving a new meaning to the world, and then by giving a new meaning to one's own life. It opens the door, that is to say, first into a larger universe, and then into a deeper self. On the one hand are the great number of thoughtful people who are bewildered by the mystery of an uninterpreted world. Here is this ceaseless whirl of material forces in which we are involved; this tragic struggle for physical existence, these brutal competitions of the industrial world, this brief, vain incident of personal life, with its little joys and sorrows, its ambitions and dreams, lifting themselves like a bright wave upon the ocean and in a moment sinking back into the depth; and the cry comes from many a heart: What does all this mean? Has it any meaning? Is it, as some learned people tell us, a hollow, empty, delusive world, a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing? Is it but a sport of the Eternal, where we are —

> "Impotent pieces of the game he plays,
> Upon this checker-board of nights and days;
> Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
> And one by one back in the cupboard lays."

What is it that gives meaning to the world and sets one in a rational universe of unity and purpose instead of chaos and despair? It is the view which opens through the door of religion. Much there may be in the order of the universe which still remains baffling and mysterious, much postponement of knowledge in God's education of the human race. But what a step is taken toward sanity and self-control and peace of mind, when one looks upon the world as the scene of a spiritual intention and desire which give to its perplexing incidents their unity and worth! It is as though the high stone wall which bounds one's experience opened into a gateway and one looked through to a path of sunlight and flowers. It may be one's part to stay and work and suffer between the walls of life, but it is easier to work and possible to bear, if one may hold the gate a little open, and keep the vista clear from the shadow to the sunshine, from the tasks of life to the vision of God.

And if this be true of one's view of the world, it is much more true of one's knowledge of himself. For one person that has come to doubt the meaning of the universe a hundred have come to doubt the meaning of their own

lives. How meagre, how superficial, how purposeless, is this petty experience within which one seems inevitably bound! How insignificant is its scope, how unimportant its consequences! Why strive and agonize, why hope and scheme, as though one were accomplishing and progressing and arriving, when in fact one is but the horse that turns the treadmill, whipped to his task in the machine, but tied all day in the little pen that never moves. It is this sense of insignificance and impotency which robs a man of his faith and hope. It is sometimes said that young people in our day think too much of themselves; and it would certainly be an exaggeration to affirm that the typical modern youth deserves the beatitude pronounced upon the poor in spirit. Yet the chief moral danger of such young lives does not lie, as many persons think, in their self-conceit, but in their self-distrust; not in thinking too much of themselves, but in thinking too little of themselves. What they need is not so much "taking down," as lifting up; not so much a new self-reproach, as a new self-respect. To think too much of one's self may be a form of intoxication, but to think too little of one's self is a form of paralysis. To live in a shut-in uni-

verse is a philosophical misfortune; but to live in a shut-in soul is a moral tragedy.

And what is it which lets one out from this sense of limitation and defeat? It is the sense of association with the purposes of God, the recognition of one's life as a part of the Divine plan, the response of the child to the call of the Father. You are not alone, because the Father is with you; you are not helpless, because beneath you are the Everlasting Arms; you are not a failure, because you are a laborer together with God; and an unexpected force of capacity and effectiveness is discovered as you commit yourself to a service which is not your own. You come to yourself and say: "I will go to my Father." That is the best gift of religion — the gift to the individual soul of faith in itself. And what is this but the opening of a door, — not outward into the larger world, but inward into the deeper self, — so that one passes into an interior life of tranquillity, serenity, and prayer. The religious life is like those Egyptian temples, which in their outer courts looked through great free vistas to the fertile fields and the deep blue sky; but as the worshipper sought the central shrine, door after door swung open into interior

rooms, until at last, in a hush of solitude which no sound could penetrate and no fellow worshipper could share, the single life bowed in the central sanctuary where it found its God.

Such then is the first message of religion to an eager, forward-looking, undiscouraged, modern life — the message of expansion, liberty, spaciousness, horizon, hope. Sometimes a man asks what religion can do for him in so busy and real a world. It does not answer all his problems, or free him from his cares, or abolish his sorrows, or insure him against risk. Of what use, then, is religion, if it be not authoritative, conclusive, remedial — a rest for the saints? To such questions concerning the meaning of religion, Jesus, on the last day of his life, answers: "I am the door"; and the normal, healthy, expectant life hears the summons and welcomes the guide who opens the door. What is it to live, but to pass from room to room of the great house of experience and to find each successive room more ample and satisfying? What can one ask of life, but just a chance to enter the larger world and to know the hidden self? What is the great mistake of life? It is to pause in the antechambers of experience and never know how spacious

life may be. And when, from step to step, life has been thus led on, and at last one finds before him that final door which we call Death, what is it to die, but to have the door open before one's wondering eyes, and to hear the same voice which has guided one through the doors of life say once more: "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many rooms. I am the Door."?

V

THE PRODIGALITY OF PROVIDENCE

Behold a sower went forth to sow. — *Matt.* XIII, 3.

THE first thing that strikes one as he reads the parable of the sower is its air of prodigality. On some fair spring morning, when the hills of Galilee were bathed in the morning sun, Jesus was teaching his friends, as his habit was, in the open air; and, looking up from where he sat, he saw, on the Galilean hillside, a man striding along a distant furrow, his figure dark against the deep blue eastern sky. The Teacher seems to point to the man, saying: "Look! That is the way we too must do our work. Are we not sowers of the word of God in the field of the hearts of man? See, then, what prodigality there is in the movement of the sower. His arm flings far the seed and the breeze catches it as he flings; and much of it falls where it can never grow, some on the roadway where the wheels

will crush it, some among the rocks where there is no soil to hold it, some in the hedgerows where the sun cannot warm it into life." So Jesus notes each gesture of that distant figure and translates it into his gospel of the Kingdom. And we, in our time, at once remark the contrast between this unthrifty sowing and the modern method of the farmer's work. The modern sower drives a machine across the field, and it bores little holes at even intervals and drops therein the precisely sufficient seed and covers it up again, and then the field puts forth its grain as if a chessboard were blossoming, and there is nothing over for lingering horses that would snatch a tuft from the hedges, or for marauding birds that follow the sower's track. What prodigality of waste there was in the primitive farmer as he strode along, dark against the sky! Yes, but precisely this was the lesson upon which Jesus seized. For the prodigality of sowing was to be met by a still greater prodigality of reproduction. What matter was it, he said, if some seeds should fall among the birds and bushes and stones, if at the same time what fell in good ground had such miraculous increase? Three seeds out of four might fail, if the one

which grew should multiply thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold. There was enough to fertilize the field even if much should fall beyond its edges. There was no need for niggardly sowing amid the prodigality of nature. With generous swing of arm and with a careless song upon his lips the sower marched across the furrows, anticipating ineffectiveness from many a scattered seed, but happy in his assurance of the prodigality of Providence which brought forth a hundredfold unto the harvest.

Such was the picture of his mission which seemed to Jesus Christ most adequate and suggestive. On no other likeness does he dwell with such repetition and detail. And certainly his own work is a most extraordinary illustration of a kindred prodigality. One of the most remarkable traits of the ministry of Jesus is its indifference to economy. He does not hoard himself for great occasions, or reserve his words until they shall find hearers fit to welcome them. He moves through his short years of teaching with a reckless generosity, a lavish scattering of word and deed. He meets one day a dull-hearted woman, and as she sets her pitcher by the well he speaks to her alone the greatest words which even

he ever uttered. He goes away one day with but three friends and shows them alone his glory. He squanders his healing and his blessing on single and often on unresponsive lives, and sometimes he charges them to tell no man what has been done to them. He flings out great sayings as the sower flings his seed; and much of it falls on hard hearts and meagre lives where it can find no root; and then he calmly marches on, saying: "Those who have ears to hear, let them hear."

What does he mean by this unthrifty prodigality? Why does not Jesus reserve himself for strategic occasions, or use more prudently his short years of opportunity? It is because, within this prodigality of waste, he discerns the prodigality of reproduction. Ten words of his may find no root, but if one word shall fall into but one responsive life it may bring forth a hundred, nay a thousandfold. Bravely he walks, then, across the fields of Palestine sowing his precious seed; and one day one grain falls into the heart of one eager fisherman, and the seed springs up in such abundance that millions of souls through twenty centuries have been garnered into the Church of Peter. Another day another seed falls into the soul of

John, and there springs up a teaching which has borne a harvest of the bread of life for other millions of souls. That was the way of Jesus; the sowing of his seed with a broad, free, sweeping arm, perfectly sure that whatever might be wasted would be far more than matched by the fertilizing power of that which might find good soil. It was not that he was careless of results, or indiscreet in method; it was because he permitted himself to fling some seed over the border of his field, lest he might miss the hungriest soil of all. He was able to bear with waste because when at last the good ground and the good seed met there was so amply fulfilled his fruitful purpose.

Here is a teaching which interprets to us some of the most perplexing incidents of our own lives. We must not misread the parable. It does not say that one should have no distinct field or restricted vocation. It does not say that if one has a field it is better to throw one's seed over the edges. To have no distinct field to sow, to fling one's life recklessly away, is not to be generous or noble; but simply to be scatter-brained, extravagant, dissipated. But what often happens in many lives is this, — that even while one faithfully sows

his own field he is necessarily confronted with a perplexing and portentous sense of waste, which at first is alarming and disheartening, but which turns out to be an essential and significant part of the sower's task.

Consider, for instance, the story of education in which, as teachers or students, most of us are engaged. A teacher gives himself with daily devotion to his lectures, his reading, the routine and drill of his class; and then, one day, he looks back on his task, and what a waste of effort it seems! He has been sowing his seed with a generous hand, and how much of it has failed to grow! How stony and thorny is his field and how meagre looks the harvest! Why did he not sow with a thriftier care, and spare himself the superfluous effort to raise a crop from so thin a soil? And as the teacher feels the waste of teaching, so the student feels the waste of learning. How many things he has studied and how little there is left! How many subjects have been forgotten as soon as mastered; so that an examination is fitly said to be "passed," as though all that it represented were promptly left behind! Why should he be driven to studies which he

cannot use, as though forced to scatter seed beyond the field for which he cares? Then, into this despondency of education breaks the profounder truth which fortifies both the teacher's and the student's hope. For this prodigality of sowing is met by a still more surprising prodigality of reproduction. Out of the confusion of things quickly learned and quickly forgotten there starts up some day one thought, or subject, or course of study, or book, or word, which gives direction and happiness to one's whole life, and the student is amazed to see how close the inspiration lay to the most irksome tasks, and how a more restricted duty-doing might have missed the best his training had to give. Through the routine and drudgery of the teacher's work there breaks some day the consciousness that a few responsive lives have been wisely led, that here and there the way has been opened to usefulness and power; and the teacher goes back to his task, like the sower in the freshness of the morning, and throws his seed more lavishly than ever, in the new hope of finding here and there a patch of soil which may reward him a hundredfold.

That is the story of education, which any one who looks back upon it, as teacher or scholar, would have to tell. And the same story meets us when, instead of looking back on the course of education, we look forward to the way of life which each has to go. You give yourself with all your heart to the doing of your duty. In your place in the world you lavish time, strength, and training for the common good. You sanctify yourself — as your Master said — for others' sake. And then, some day, you are confronted by the paralyzing sense of wastefulness. In what a sterile land you have been sowing! How unrequited, unrecognized, and unfruitful are your conscientiousness and sacrifice! What a mockery is this superfluous generosity of service! Would it not be better to shut one's self within the definite limits of one's stint of work, and become a machine of hours and routine, with a fixed service for a fixed pay? No one can have a part in the business of the world without this sense of prodigious waste, as though his days were chiefly occupied by interruptions, and the last thing he might hope to accomplish were the thing he feels most called to do! His hours

might have been given to his own affairs, and they have been snatched away by insignificant duties, as Jesus himself was called one day from the very Mount of his transfiguration to go down and help one poor little paralytic boy. And yet, as one looks back upon these dissipated days, how often it becomes plain that this diversion of energy from what one had desired to do opened the way to that which one could do best; and that what seemed superfluous and accidental was, in fact, the best blessing which the day had to give! Here is the fundamental difference between the invaluable and the wage-earning worker. The extra fidelity, the lavish service, the skill which is uncontracted for, — these are the traits which are the hardest to hire, and the most precious to secure. The sower in the field of industry who most spares his hand may miss the very corners of the field where the best soil is waiting for the wide-flung seed. Side by side in the furrows of modern life one may see walking along the modern world these two types of workers, — the niggardly and the generous sower. One goes his self-contained and restricted way, denying himself all concern for things which detach him from his task, bend-

ing over his chosen soil with a thrifty care; and, at last, the book he has toiled on is written, and behold, it is unread; or the fortune for which he has sacrificed everything is made, and it turns to ashes in his hands; or he has won the fear of men, and forfeited their love. The life which he thought was to be large and free shrinks about him into a prison. He has become great, but he has not become happy; he has saved his life and yet he has lost it; he has farmed his life, he has not lived it. His shut-in field is white with a harvest, but he cannot help missing the birds and the hedgerows which give his neighbor's field its music and its charm. Then, on the other hand, is the sower with the broad sweep of service and the lavish swing of love. He also has his own work to do. He marches along his own furrow with a steady look to its end; but he does not miss the wayside duties or the crevices where some eager soil is waiting, and the edges of the highway blossom when his work is done.

Let us take still another step into the teaching of Jesus, as his parable enters the more perplexing field where our moral problems and struggles grow, — the field where trouble and

blunders and failures spring up and choke the seed we want to sow. Now, of course, in this field of moral experience it never can be wise to blunder, or profitable to sin, or judicious to sow good seed in sterile ground. The wise man uses his life, he does not throw it away. But, when one thinks of life, not as he might wish it to be, but as it really is, who does not recognize that blunders and mistakes and barrenness are the inevitable accompaniment of one's most prudent desires? You give yourself generously to your duty, and one day the paralyzing sense of ineffectiveness and incapacity attacks you, as though a hidden enemy struck your weapon from your hand. You want to be kind and you are confronted by thanklessness, or misinterpretation, or pride. You yield your heart to an unrestrained affection and there shuts in between you and your beloved the blank, impenetrable wall of separation or death. And then you begin to listen to the philosophers of despair, who say to you: "Is not this precisely what you should expect? Is not this world essentially a hard, relentless, ungrateful place? See the cruel law of life. Not one seed in ten germinates; not one creature in

ten is fit to survive. Not one love in a hundred bears its perfect flower. Why love and serve if there must be this prodigality of wastefulness; why risk mistakes and encounter ingratitude and suffer sorrow by this lavish, unreflecting swing of the sower's careless hand? Why not rather fence in the field of your desire, and shut out the larger hope, and then, though indeed you may walk your furrow with a downcast look, you will be safe from the folly of sowing where no crop can grow?" Ah, but no sooner does one try to live this sagacious, secure, well-considered life, than he discovers that in thus escaping from some of the ills of life he has been missing life itself. For life is not a system of insurance against risks; life is a venture, a hazard, a victory over risks. A man does not succeed by avoiding blunders and mishaps; he stumbles along through blunders, redeeming himself from mishaps, and in the end stands equally amazed at the mistakes he has survived and at the fruit of some incidental sowing. The man who makes no failures is likely to make few successes. Mistakes one must expect to make, and foolish blunders, and unfruitful efforts, and here and there the crop

one looks for fails; but the prodigality of God atones for the uncertainty of man, until one man seems to have been blessed through his blunders, and another seems to have saved only what he had counted to be waste.

And what shall we say of those profounder experiences which sometimes sweep away the most cherished blessings, as though a storm swept down upon the sower and blew away all the seed which he held tight to his bosom? Among the various aspects of the sorrows of life what is there more overwhelming than the sense of wastefulness? How superfluous, how uninterpretable, how far beyond the needs of discipline, are these tragic experiences, which come like a marauding bird and snatch the most precious seed out of the sower's hand? And yet, impossible as it may be to justify the purposes of God, how often it happens that the seed which seems thus wasted has its surprising harvest! Many a life is held to the task it has to do by the love it seems to have lost; and among the treasures which it keeps counts dearest the treasure which is gone. Many a life could spare almost any possession more willingly than its sanctifying sorrows. Prodigal indeed is

the providence of God in its dealings with the life of man; but even more prodigal is the love of God, which fertilizes life with tears, as the seed is fertilized by rain.

Such is the Parable of the Sower, — the prodigality of God meeting the generosity of man; the diversified story of fruitage and barrenness, of effectiveness and failure, of gain and loss, which every human life has to tell. The work and play, the duties and desires, the hopes and fears of the future, lie before one like a landscape with its light and shadow, its rocks and fields, its fertile and its sterile soil; and one asks himself, "Suppose I do my best, and sow and tend and wait, what will my harvest be?" And the answer of experience is perfectly plain. You will get both much less than you expect, and much more. Many plans are sure to fail; many hopes are sure to be defeated; but, out of what seems failure and hopelessness will spring up here and there a crop of gratitude, consolation, companionship, comfort, efficiency and love, which almost bewilders the sower with its unlooked-for profusion. Much stony ground there must be, much thin soil and many swooping birds; but here and there

the astonishing fertilization of some lightly scattered seed, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundredfold. The task that seemed to impoverish life may enrich it; its loss may be its gain; its interruption its redemption. The thing you set out to do may remain undone, but that which happened by the way, and could not happen in any other way, rewards you with its undesigned return.

That is what makes life perennially surprising, humbling, and miraculous. You never know what incident of experience is to have this fertilizing power; or in what corner of life this unearned increment is to be found. Life becomes speculative, dramatic, expectant. You walk your way, not through a world of prose and commonplace, but through a world of poetry and miracle. The fenced-in life may fill its barn and leave the beauty and romance of experience unharvested. The life which partakes of the prodigality of God discovers the scope and joy of the service of man. Not with a foolish and excessive hope, as though each seed must grow, but with a cheerful song upon his lips, — the man who hears this parable of nature opens the gate of the morning and enters his own field, bear-

ing the seed that is trusted to his care; and the Master of the religious life watches this man across the valley of the years, as he looked one day across the slopes of Palestine, and says again, "Behold, another sower of my seed, going forth into the world to sow."

VI

THE COMFORT OF THE TRUTH

If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you. . . . Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth. —*John* XVI, 7, 13.

THAT must have been a hard saying to the followers of Jesus. They had come to him, anticipating that he would himself guide them into all truth; and he had expressly said to them: "I am the way, I am the truth." Now, however, just as he is about to leave them, he tells them that there is much truth which is not for him to give. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them," or, as the Greek says, "carry them away with you now." "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you," or, as the Greek says, "show you the road into all truth." What an impression of incompleteness and fragmentariness that seems to give to the ministry of Jesus! How bewildered are the little company as they are thus confronted

by the unfinished nature of their Master's work. How could they call the spirit of truth, which was to take his place, a Comforter? How far from comforting was such truth as this! "Lord, we know not whither thou goest," says Thomas to him. "Whither goest thou?" asks Peter. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," is the even more elementary demand of Philip; until at last the thought of the things that have been undisclosed sweeps over them with such a wave of discouragement that they do not even ask him, "Whither goest thou?" for "sorrow had filled their hearts."

To Jesus, on the other hand, there seems to come no oppressive sense of prematureness in departure, or of incompleteness in work. The end of his ministry has arrived just when it should. "It is expedient for you," he says, "that I go away." "Father, the hour is come; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." It was not essential that he should tell his disciples all things. Indeed, it was impossible for him to tell them, for there were many things which they could not carry away. It was enough if he had put into their hearts, not a perfect system of the truth, not a

final answer to their questionings, but a susceptibility to the truth, a responsiveness to his ideal, a habit of mind and will which should be able to receive the comfort of the truth as it might be given. Jesus is content to leave many mysteries unexplained, and many instructions undelivered, if he can convey to those who love him a certain loyalty of the will which shall make them welcome the spirit of the truth when it arrives. As he leaves them it is not with the sense that his work for them is finished, but that it has just begun : for that which seems his fragmentary teaching is to be taken up into the continuity of the purposes of God, and is to find its interpretation, not alone through that which it has given, but through that also for which it has prepared the way. "I will not leave you comfortless. The spirit of the truth, which is the Comforter, shall come to you." "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father."

This is the thought of the mission of Jesus, which soon came to be shaped by the theologians into the Christian doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit, say the creeds with profound truth, proceeds

from the Father and the Son. But a theological doctrine, expressed in the language of one age, has to be repeatedly translated into the language of another age; and an abstract idea frozen into a formula has to be melted into the language of life. It is like a flowing river which has been arrested by the winter's frost and has stiffened into ice, and the theologians cut great blocks out of it and fill their storehouses, and the agile philosophers glide upon its surface and cover it with their intricate symbols; and then, one day, the warm sun of the experience of life shines down upon the stream and melts it, and the river flows again with the water of life and fulfils the task which it was meant to do. When one, then, in the language of the theologians, announces that the mission of the Son is to be fulfilled through the mission of the Spirit, what is the first aspect of that majestic doctrine? It is this: — that Jesus, with a splendid confidence, trusts his work to the spirit of the truth. The truth will be the Comforter. Jesus might have formulated what is called an evangelical system; but there is hardly a trace of system in his thought. He might have arranged what is called a scheme of salvation; but he has no

confidence in saving people by schemes. He simply wins lives to himself, and then without a shadow of distrust commends those lives to the spirit of the truth, perfectly sure that they will find therein a sufficient interpreter and comforter. It is as if one were set to train men for the navigation of an unexplored and fickle sea. He does not attempt to describe for each unknown contingency a specific way of conduct, but he trains the mind and will for all contingencies which may happen in those great waters, arming his navigators with the instinct of obedience, with the habit of alertness, with the principles of their art, with the unswerving instruments which will point out their way. Then, as they sail forth into the unknown, they have the only comfort which is sufficient for their adventure; the spirit of the truth has been communicated to them, and it gives them the mastery of each storm as it comes and shows them the way at last to the haven where they would be.

Such is the teaching of Jesus concerning the comfort of the truth; and while at its first statement it seems to recall our attention to theological differences and problems, it is in reality the expression of a general law of pro-

gress and peace. Consider, for instance, the method of a wise and fruitful education. Who is the teacher whom one recalls with gratitude and praise? It is not he who has indoctrinated us with his system, or drilled us in our task; it is he who through the task assigned has been able to impart to us the love of learning, — the spirit of the truth. It is he who has not only instructed, or built us up, but he who has educated, or drawn us out. Out of a confusion of conflicting forces there is drawn through wise education a person, with unsuspected capacity for self-direction and self-control. When the spirit of the truth has come to the pupil the teacher's highest task is done. That is at once the dignity and pathos of the teacher's life. His work is never more than half fulfilled. His class departs to new teachers and new tasks. He is like the pilot who steers a ship-load of passengers past the first perils of their voyage, and then from his little boat waves his farewell to them as they stand boldly forth to other shores. Yet this is the dignity of the teacher's calling. He is responsible for the beginnings of a prosperous voyage, and has set the mind where the spirit of the truth can reach

it like a strong sea breeze that swells the sails and bears the vessel safely on its way.

And who, again, is the educated man, and what is the test of his liberal education? The educated man is not distinguished by his stock of knowledge, or by his technical skill. A schoolboy may have readier information, an artisan has greater skill. The mark of an educated man is in a certain habit of mind, an instinct for the truth, an insight for reality, the applicability of his powers to the varied problems and exigencies of experience as they shall arrive. There are many things which he does not know, but he has one great comforter, his love of truth. Into the unknown he walks with tranquillity and confidence, because the spirit of the truth has come to him and guides him into all truth.

Take the same principle once more into the region of duty. What is it that makes you do your duty? What is it that makes you determine with certainty and promptness what it is your duty to do? At once there come to mind the long series of maxims and counsels and definitions which have gone to make up one's moral code, — the exhortations of a

mother, the commands of a father, the words of teachers and of preachers, the books on ethics, the gathering experiences of life. All these admonitions and instructions have been enforcing for us the supremacy of duty, and shaping by degrees our moral creed. Yet, if one's sense of duty is really constructed of these external scaffoldings of instruction and advice, how easily it is consumed when the fire of a real temptation is lit! How differently life looks when it actually confronts one from life when it is lectured or preached or heard about; and how impossible it is for the wisest counsellor to anticipate the precise point where the attack of evil will be delivered and its strategy disclosed! When these tests of experience arrive, what is it that makes you able to judge and to do your duty? It is the acquisition through all these instructions and experiences of a certain instinct of the will concerning the right, which distinguishes the base from the noble, precisely as the scholar's instinct distinguishes the false from the true. The refinement of a woman is not the product of occasional decisions or computations applying her moral code; she repels that which is vulgar as instinctively as she shrinks from a

flame. The courage of a soldier is not a thing of reflection or calculation. It is a habit of mind, wrought into a command so imperative that, as one soldier said of his gallant charge, "If I had not been afraid to do it, I should have run away." That is moral security, — not an obedience to moral precepts, but a state of moral sensitiveness. The life that is safe among the moral problems of the world is not one which has accumulated the most maxims of conduct; but one to which the spirit of the truth has come, and which is guided step by step through the slippery ways of duty-doing toward the whole of truth. Moral health, in other words, like physical health, is a product of acclimatization. One comes to want the excellent, as he wants fresh air. Moral strength, like physical strength, comes not of protection, but of exposure; not in being kept from the cold, but in being fortified against it. It is like the anti-toxin of disease, which does not prevent the approach of bacteria, but makes one immune to their attack. Thus there comes in every parent's life that dreaded moment when he discovers that his first duty to his boy is to let him go his own way and solve his own problem and live his own life. With

a new effort of self-control the wise parent yields his child to the spirit of the truth which is the only permanent comforter; repeating the Master's words: "It is expedient for you that I go away"; and out into the world walks the child alone, armed with this spirit of the truth which his parents have taught him to trust; and with a miraculous confidence marches unscathed and immune through experiences and decisions which not even the most loving or wisest parent could possibly foresee.

It was not, however, either of education or of morality that Jesus was thinking when he spoke thus to his friends. He was conversing with them about the religious life and its way of loyalty and service. He was trying to tell them, before he went away, what he expected of them, and what he claimed for himself. It was his last chance to re-affirm the character of his own mission, the nature of Christian faith, and the conditions of discipleship. What is it, then, that Jesus expects of those who are to follow him? What is a saving Christian faith? What is the story of a Christian experience? No sooner does one ask these questions than there range them-

selves before him the various formulas and systems of the Christian Church, competing for acceptance, asserting their supremacy, and announcing their code of belief and practice as the essence of a Christian faith. And the inquirer looks from one to another of these codes, and turns wearily away from their contentious demands as though he had asked for bread and were offered a stone. Then, once more, he looks back to Jesus himself and perceives in the Gospel no such petrifaction of the bread of life, but a glad free gift of nourishment for hungry souls. One of the most striking traits of the ministry of Jesus is his unquestioning and often abrupt acceptance of persons whose theological views and ecclesiastical position would not have approached the standards required in many a Christian communion today. Jesus meets one day a Roman soldier, whom perhaps he had never seen before, and reading in the man's eye and voice the habit of loyalty, says of him: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." A sinning woman comes to Jesus saying: "Lord, help me;" and Jesus answers: "Great is thy faith." A blind beggar cries to Jesus for mercy, and the teacher says: "Thy faith

hath saved thee"; and, on the other hand, the theologically accurate and intellectually gifted Pharisees come to him to entangle him in his talk, and he looks with the same discernment into their hearts, and confronts them with his solemn warning and rebuke.

What is it, then, that Jesus looks for in his followers? What is the faith that saves? It is an attitude of the mind, a training of the will, a sensitiveness of the conscience, which make a life susceptible to spiritual messages as they shall arrive. Precisely as the teacher's joy is in the kindling of the love of learning; precisely as the secret of duty-doing is in the evolution of an instinct for the right; so the desire of Jesus Christ is for a responsiveness to his invitation, and repeatedly he welcomes this responsiveness as of the essence of Christian faith. Incomplete and halting such loyalty may be; "Lord," say the disciples, "increase our faith." "We believe, help thou our unbelief." Yet Jesus takes such loyalty just as it is, and believes in his followers even when they do not believe in themselves; until at last out of characters which seem unstable and unformed, he makes men fit to carry on his

word; and then with a supreme and tranquil confidence he trusts such men to the spirit of the truth which is being formed within them, perfectly sure that they will be steadied and comforted along their way until at last they shall be led into the whole truth.

That is the first gift of Jesus to those who turn to him. There are many things which people greatly desire to get from religion, and which it does not give. They want to have their lives made easy through the world; and Jesus says to them: "If any man would come after me, let him take up his own cross." They want to have their problems answered, and Jesus again says: "What I do, thou knowest not now; I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." They want to have their burdens lifted, but Jesus only says to them: "Come unto me,—and I promise, not that you shall be free from burdens, but that the load shall be so fitted to your neck, that the burden you still must carry shall be possible to bear." What, then, does Jesus offer to those who follow him? His gift —as he often said—is the gift of life. "I am come that they may have life and life more abundant." But life is not given full-grown.

Life is growth, capacity, promise, vitality, health, power; a process, not a finality. Over the hill-sides, in the chilly Spring, a pale trace of color touches the budding trees. Along the streets the crocuses bloom where the snow has hardly gone. Little of warmth is in the air, but the unfailing procession of nature is passing over the cold world and sweeping it on from frost to flowers, from March to June. So moves the procession of the Holy Ghost: —

> "All powerful as the wind it comes,
> As viewless too."

It comes to people as cold and hard as the ground in March, to stir their latent purposes and wake their dormant ideals; and even while they are hopeless of any melting of the heart or any budding of the hope, the spirit of the truth is hastening the growth of spring-time in the soul. The hasty Peter, the questioning Nicodemus, the doubting Thomas, the persecuting Saul, on each by slow degrees, — and to many a kindred life to-day — the comfort of the truth shines, until their lives are like the lengthening days which make one sure that after all the Summer is not very far away.

Now that is what brings the only substantial comfort to many a faulty, hesitating, half-

awakened soul. It has been disturbed by intellectual doubts; it has been beset by moral weakness; it shrinks from the truth because the truth looked uncomforting or uncomfortable. The last thing that seemed likely is that there is comfort in the truth. And yet in the deeper ways of experience, there is absolutely no comfort so substantial as the assurance that one has his hold on something which is positively and eternally true. Thwarted and puzzled one goes his way through life; but this is his comfort, — that the spirit of the truth is with him, as the Master promised, guiding him through many blunders and much ignorance, as with the grasp of a firm strong hand, toward the whole of truth.

And when is this mission of the Comforter, this procession of the Holy Ghost, to be complete? When is the prophecy of Jesus to be fulfilled, and the life that follows him to be led into all truth? Who knows when or where this comfort of the truth is to be fully given? Perhaps it is in this that the perfectness of the heavenly world is to be found, — the revelation at last of things as they really are, the riddles of life at last answered, the disasters of experience at last explained, the supreme and

convincing majesty of the truth discerned. So, perhaps, step by step, the work of Jesus Christ is to fulfil itself in many a patient life; from loyalty to capacity; from obedience to power; from the teaching of the Son to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, on and on,— through partial knowledge and maturing faith; through life, through death; until at last the things that are in part are done away and that which is perfect comes, and we see not in a glass darkly but face to face, and holding the hand of the spirit of the truth we are led into the presence of the Truth itself, and are comforted and satisfied when we awake in that likeness.

VII

THE WEDDING GARMENT

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment, and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away and cast him into outer darkness. — *Matt.* XXII, 11-13.

THE teaching of Jesus concerning the future of the world is marked by the most confident and unfaltering hope. He was familiar enough with the tragedies of life; he was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; he had much to do with people who were sick or sad or sinful; he said to the weary and heavy-laden: "Come unto me;" and yet he consistently foresaw a better world and preached the Gospel of a Kingdom of God. His pictures of that Kingdom are not of a grey and sombre, but of a sunny and even festive scene. It was to be like a great supper to which all who would come were freely bidden; like a marriage where maidens gather with dance

and song ; like a feast spread for all the people of the city by the bounty of a generous king. The Gospel is not one of comfort and consolation only. Comforting as it may be in trouble, its fundamental note is one of joy. The central fact of life to Jesus is the bountiful generosity of the providence of God.

In the passage where my text occurs, however, Jesus turns from these descriptions of the Kingdom and speaks of those who are invited to be its guests. First, he says, there are some who, when these resources of the world are offered to them, make light of the king's bidding and go their way. And it is interesting to observe how, in a single stroke, the motives which make people indifferent to God's invitations are laid bare. One man goes to his farm ; he is preoccupied by his daily care. Another remembers his merchandise ; he is the slave of his business. A third finds the king's summons inconsistent with his own mean desires and will not even listen to the messenger, but lays hold on him and kills him. So it is now, as it was then. The preoccupation of the mind by routine, the overwhelming pressure of one's business, and the con-

scious inconsistency of one's own way of life with the way of God, — these three habits of mind still make light of the king's message. Possession goes its way to its farm; commercialism hides among its merchandise; and conscious unworthiness hates the very reminder of God's intention and strikes God's messengers dead at its feet.

But then, on the other hand, is the man of my text, — the man who wanted to come to the feast, but who was not fit to stay. And the story points out that he knew he was not fit to stay. When the king comes in to see his guests, his eye falls on this man and observes that there has been some neglect. With a word of kindly greeting the king therefore asks: "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" but the man has nothing to say. He is, we read, speechless and without defence; and the king's tone deepens to severity as he bids his servants bind him and cast him out from among the company. What was it that gave the man his consciousness of unfitness? Why was it so shameful, at a feast which gathered in its guests from the hedges and byways, to have entered without a wedding garment? Why did not the man

say that he came in the best attire he had? Surely the limits of God's hospitality are not those of polite society, or the judgments of God made according to the outward appearance. All this becomes plain when one remembers the Oriental custom of hospitality. To each guest, as he entered, there had been offered, as a part of the kingly greeting, an outer robe fit for the occasion. "Bring forth the best robe," said the father of the prodigal, when he made a feast for his boy, "and put it on him." So it was here. The wedding garment had been offered to this man as he entered with the rest, and it had been refused. His own attire, he has said, was good enough. He had disregarded the condition of entrance and had rudely crowded in. Then, as he sits there among the festive company, it is as though he reported to them his unkindly and self-asserting boast. He is marked out among them as the one who wanted to sit at the king's feast without accepting the mark of the king's guest. He had wanted to get the resources of life without conforming to the conditions under which these resources were offered. Without the wedding garment there could be no sympathetic participation in the

wedding feast. His heart was a stranger in the friendly gathering, and the outer darkness was the place where his darkened spirit naturally belonged.

Such is the picturesque language in which Jesus brings home to his Oriental hearers a truth on which he repeatedly dwells. He sets over against each other the resources of life and the capacity to use these resources; the feast and the guest; the outward gift and the inward fitness to receive that gift; the environment, as we say, and the individual; and he recalls attention to the personal preparedness without which the most generous of God's outward feasts is spread in vain. No problem is more characteristic of the present time than that which this contrast suggests. Which is the determining factor of experience, the outward opportunity or the inward discipline? Does the environment make the man or is the man master of his environment? Is character the product of circumstances, or are circumstances the instrument of character? What is one's first duty, — to improve conditions or to improve himself; to make a better world or to make a better man; to do good or to be good? How is the kingdom of God to come,— by the

providing of the wedding feast, or by the acceptance of the wedding garment?

Of course, it must be said at once that these alternatives cannot be regarded as fundamental or absolute. Both propositions are true. Circumstances often mould character, and character often conquers circumstances. Each scheme for making a better world contributes to the making of better people; each personal achievement of education, discipline, or thrift hastens the coming of a better world. Yet there remains, at any given time or place, the problem of adjusting these two factors of progress and of assigning to each its just place and force; and here we meet a peril of the modern world which, according to this parable, was a not less conspicuous peril in the time of Jesus Christ. It is the peril of externalism; the anticipation that human life can be redeemed from the outside; the preparing of the wedding feast, and the neglecting of the wedding garment.

Modern civilization has brought in its train so many evils and wrongs that this absorbing interest in external change is not only inevitable but in a high degree beneficent. Unsanitary factories and congested

slums; the crowding of children into industry and the crowding of women down; the temptation to vice and the curse of drink; — these and countless other tragedies of modern life challenge the mind and heart of the time to make a world more fit for human beings to inhabit; and social service and reconstructive legislation apply themselves to spread the table of decency and purity with enough for every human life. Better housing and better food; less crowding and less drink; more parks and baths; a more just division of profits and a shorter working-day; and beyond all these mitigating measures, a transformation of industrial life by common ownership and social justice; — by one or another or all of these social schemes the feast of opportunity is to be prepared and all shall share the bounty of an abundant and satisfying world. It is a beautiful ideal of a regenerated society, hardly approached in the imperative note of its summons since the time when Jesus preached his gospel of the Kingdom of God. To be permitted to live in the age of the social conscience is a privilege which cannot be too highly prized. It calls one from introspection to action, from self-interest to self-forgetful-

ness, from the dubious task of saving one's own soul to the happy task of saving the less fortunate by one's side.

Yet, no one who has any part in this great plan of social salvation can help detecting in it a fallacy which brings disappointment and disillusion to many a sanguine scheme. Who are the people that can undertake this mission of social saviours? Are they the same people who in their own lives are ostentatious, extravagant, and self-indulgent? Can they do good without being good? Can they be saviours without being saved? On the contrary, the happy opportunity of effective social service is a much more limited privilege than is commonly supposed. Not every one who wants to serve is fit to serve. Not patronage, or almsgiving, or organization, can lift the helpless to self-help; but sympathy, experience of suffering, the contagion of purity, the communication of hope, the beauty of holiness. "After he had fasted forty days and forty nights," it has been cynically said of amateurism in poor-relief, "behold! angels came and patronized him." This is one aspect of the fallacy of philanthropy, — that one can have the blessing of serving others without the obligation

to discipline and train himself; that he can enter the companionship of the new philanthropy without wearing the garment of preparedness.

And the same fallacy is seen from the other side in those to whom social service is offered. Better conditions of living are worth all the plans and pains they cost; the pressure of bad environment chokes and crushes multitudes of lives; yet it is impossible to maintain that hostile circumstances are always fatal, or favoring circumstances always redemptive. Out of the most squalid of conditions purity and beauty may emerge, as a water-lily blossoms out of a slimy pool; behind prosperity and ease may lurk the deadliest temptation, like the subtle diseases of a tropical land. Better housing, better industrial conditions, shorter hours of work, insurance against unemployment, — all the admirable machinery of social reform, — becomes ineffective and disappointing unless it be accepted and utilized by industry, frugality, and thrift. The new bath-tub in the tenement becomes a new potato-bin; the inducements to save seem a plot of the employer; the problem of the unemployed becomes the far more difficult problem

of the unemployable. In short, the better world must be met and used by better people. "A golden age," as Herbert Spencer said, "cannot be made of leaden instincts." The social problem which on its surface is economic and mechanical, is at its heart personal and ethical. The guest at the wedding feast must wear the wedding garment.

This truth becomes still more obvious when one recalls the extreme statement of externalism which appears in the creed of social revolution. One of the pillars of orthodox socialism is the doctrine known as economic determinism, or the conviction that economic conditions and changes absolutely prescribe or determine the institutions, opinions, morals, and faith of a time or a place. "It is not the consciousness of men," Marx said, "that determines their existence, but on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness." "Every man," said Bebel, "is a product of his time and an instrument of circumstance." We are, in short, what our industrial and social system makes us. "Tell me what you eat, and how you get your living," a plain-spoken agitator has said, "and I will tell you what you are." If, however, we are so

completely the creatures of prevailing economic conditions, then the only hope of human progress is in modifying or transforming those conditions; and the mitigations of philanthropy or the appeal to self-help under conditions as they now are seems, as has been said, like "laying a poultice on a broken leg." "The wise reformer should apply himself to economic revolution exclusively." Let the table of life be spread with enough for all; and the new bounty will create a new human nature to use and enjoy it.

There is, of course, much to justify this new demand for radical change. Evil conditions have their terrible consequences in human degradation. It is hard to be hopeful and thrifty without a living wage, or to be chaste when living with five in a room. It is almost as hard to be unselfish, disciplined, and unspoiled under conditions of extreme luxury and ease. Economic want and economic excess are equally perilous to integrity and self-respect. The crushing squalor of the slums is more than matched in its demoralizing influence by the selfish vulgarity of the reckless rich. What a startling fact it is, for example, that the institution of marriage is least endangered among

the poor, while the daily newspaper reeks with the record of defiant shamelessness among the most favored lives! But to maintain that economic conditions are a prison from which character cannot escape, that destiny is irrevocably fixed by circumstances, is to know little of human history or human nature. No economic condition is so hopeless that there may not emerge from it the capacity for self-help, initiative, and leadership. No circumstances can altogether obstruct ambition, industry, and hope. It is possible, Marcus Aurelius said, to be good even in a palace. It is possible also, as many honorable lives have proved, to overcome extreme poverty and dense ignorance by persistency and thrift. The force of economic determinism is met by the superior force of human determination. The individual converts his hostile environment into a servant or ally. The man with the wedding garment may find in a very meagre meal the material for a wedding-feast. The doctrine of economic determinism has its most serious effect in relieving the individual of blame. The fault, he concludes, is in his stars, not in himself. He has but two possible alternatives, — either to overturn the existing

order, or — if that ideal must be postponed — to let it have its way with him, and to be as idle or vicious as he may desire. The hope of all sound philanthropy and reform, on the other hand, is to discover the person behind the economic order and to wake his slumbering faculties to self-development and self-redemption. The feast of a better future will be spread in vain if better people are not prepared to enter it.

We turn back, then, to the parable in which Jesus was teaching his doctrine of the Kingdom. He would have been the last to depreciate the effect of circumstance on character. A great part of his brief ministry was devoted to giving people a better chance. He went his way up and down the land, healing and lifting unfortunate lives. God had anointed him, he said, to bring release to the captive, and liberty to them that were bruised. The Kingdom of God was to be an external condition of social unity and peace. Yet behind all change of conditions, Jesus was looking for a change in the human heart. He had a passion for personality. He saved people one at a time. He was concerned to make the world less hard, but still more concerned to make people who

could master a hard world. The Kingdom of God was to come in external form, but the same Kingdom was also to come within. The wedding-feast was to be offered, but the guest must wear a wedding garment. In short, the law of progress is a two-fold law; and the principle of externalism states but one half of the whole. Each man finds in the world what he looks for; his circumstances become a reflection of his mind.

A young man, for instance, comes to the great city to make his living, and its abundant opportunities are freely offered to him as to its guest. But what does the youth find in the city? Is it a place of low companionships and solicitations to vice; or is it a centre of education and art, of libraries and museums, of religious activity and social service? It is both; and the reaction of the city on the young man's life is the response to his antecedent discipline or desire. Without the garment of preparedness he is unfit for the city's feast; and he soon finds himself in the dreadful darkness where the lost souls of the city hide.

Another young man comes, in the same way, to the University, where the ample feast of education is spread, and finds it a place of grave

temptations, while men at his side discover in the same circumstances liberty and joy for the mind, the imagination, and the will. No change in the machinery of the University can convert a shirk into a scholar. One may be fitted, as we say, for college, but not be fit for college. Antecedent to the sharing of the feast must be the acceptance of the spirit of the feast. "Take him away," it should be said of one who has entered here by mistake, "and cast him into the outer darkness." He cannot use the privilege to which he was bidden ; and the freedom of the scholar is not for him.

Such is the teaching of Jesus concerning the world and the individual, environment and character, the feast and the guest. The blind eye looks on a world of darkness; the deaf ear listens in vain for the harmonies of the world. Self-satisfaction and self-conceit are impenetrable to opportunity. The guest that is not ready belongs in the outer darkness. In earlier English it used to be said that the attire one wore was his "habit," and that a man's habit was grave or gay. The parable of Jesus reverses this use of language. The habit of one's life clothes it like a garment and marks the man for what he is. If he habitually wear

what the Psalm calls "the garment of praise," it redeems his life from the "spirit of heaviness." If he be, as the New Testament says, "clothed upon" with purity of heart, then, where others see only confusion or despair, he has the blessedness of seeing God. The habit of life attires one for the feast of life. Character is the key of destiny. They that are ready go in to the marriage, and the door is shut.

And if, finally, it be asked how one shall gain this inward preparedness which is the condition of entrance into a better world, then the parable answers this question also. The same Lord, it teaches, who spreads the wedding-feast offers the wedding garment. Not the world alone, with its resources and opportunities, is His gift; but the capacity to use that world, the habit of mind which interprets and controls experience — this, too, is a gift from Him. Here is precisely where the province of religion becomes distinguishable from other spheres of human life. To shape and order the circumstances of life is the task of politics, of economics, of commerce, of art. The servants of God who are trained to such work spread the table of God's abun-

dance and make it ample, generous, and beautiful. It is an essential contribution to the creation of the better world. The Kingdom of God is to be like a great feast prepared for a king's son. But to religion is given the preliminary task of offering the habit of mind and will which fits one to use the world. The work of religion is not that of economics or social science. The Christian Church is not a Trade Union or a political party or a socialist club. The religious life is not a change of circumstance, but a change of heart. A man, in all modesty and self-distrust, dedicates his will to the will of God, and then the same circumstances of life which were unendurable and embittering become the way to courage and peace. The changed heart looks out upon the world, and the world itself looks changed and new. "He that willeth to do the will," it is written, "shall know of the doctrine." It is true of all the varied experience of life. The will to do the will opens the way to know the doctrine. The garment of preparedness gives one a place at the King's feast.

And perhaps it is not in this world alone that the habit one wears has this transforming power. Perhaps, in the mysterious order-

ing of a future life, there need be no such arbitrary separation of souls as is commonly conceived. Perhaps, while the same welcome is for all, there are some who simply find themselves not fit to stay. What we call heaven and hell may be but one's own self-judgment wrought by one's own habit of mind. When the King comes in to greet his guests and sees there a man who has not willed to do the will, he has but to say, very gently: "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" and the self-convicted soul seeks the darkness where it belongs. And then the same Master of the feast may greet the man who has covered his own unworthiness with the garment of consecration, and say to him: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Thou wearest the habit I have offered. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

VIII

THE SHALLOWS AND THE DEEP[1]

And Simon said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing. . . . He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught. — *Luke* v, 5, 4.

THIS was probably not the first meeting of Jesus with these fishermen. In the Fourth Gospel we read that one of them, Andrew, had already come to Jesus, bringing with him his brother Simon, and that Jesus, looking upon them, said: "Thou art Simon; thou shalt be called Cephas, a stone." It appears, therefore, that the first disciples, though they had already welcomed the new teacher, had not attached themselves to him so completely as to abandon their old vocations. They heard his message, and answered, "We have found the Messiah"; and then they went back to their fishing as though little had occurred to change their lives. When Jesus comes to them a second time they are

[1] Cf. *Mornings in the College Chapel*, Second Series, p. 78.

sitting on the shore washing their nets, with their thoughts still bent upon their business. "Master," they say, "We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing."

What a shadow of disappointment and foreboding must have swept across the mind of Jesus as he found his first words taken so lightly as this? What he needed was a band of followers who should sacrifice everything to spread his gospel; and what he found was that the first men who welcomed that gospel had no plan of sacrificing for it anything. They had taken the message of comfort to themselves, but had not thought of themselves as the apostles of that comfort; and had gone back with their own comfort to their own fishing along the margin of their own sea. The teaching had not been refused, but its scope and depth had not been discerned. Then Jesus comes upon them a second time, as they sit on the shore in the self-centred despondency of their timid fishing; and one of those sudden inspirations seems to have come to him which made him so often find a parable of his teaching in the familiar scenes which met his eye. One day it was the sower striding along the hillside which gave a text for his

discourse; again, it was the lilies skirting the foot-path where he walked; again, it was the deep, cool spring which bubbled up within the well of Jacob. So, on this day, Jesus looks across the broad lake, stretching before him in the sunlight to the distant hills, and it seems to him the very picture of the broad, deep, shining message to which he desired to summon these half-hearted fishermen. Here they were, plying their trade along the shallows, when the deep waters were inviting them to more heroic adventures and more rewarding aims. Was it not the same with the great mission to which he hoped to call them? They had indeed pushed out a little way to greet him with their welcome; but soon they had retreated with empty nets and empty hearts; and now they sat there discouraged because they had brought no fish to shore. Then Jesus teaches them through the parable of their own vocation what they had not learned through his direct command. "Launch out into the deep," he says, "and let down your nets for a draught." Make the greater venture for the sake of the greater cause. It is as though one should come to-day into some little seashore village, where the townsfolk

made a scanty living within their own shallow bay, and should tell them for the first time of the fleets of sturdy vessels which put forth to the distant Banks and of the myriad colonies of fish that were waiting there. "Launch out into the deep," such a messenger would say; "leave to your children and your old men the small concerns of these shallow waters, and venture forth into a business which brings a man's reward for a man's work." Those who should follow Jesus must learn, he knew, all the perils of the deep; they were to be storm-tossed and afraid; but they were to have also the large experience of those who, as the Psalmist says, "do business in great waters." Their lives had been shallow and shut-in like their bay; they were to be deep and broad like the sea. They had not half used their powers; they were to have the happiness of a work which needed more than all their powers. They had been as those who catch minnows; they should be of those who catch men. The first call of Jesus had left them in the shallows; the second call of Jesus was a summons to the deep. "And from this time," we read, "they forsook all and followed him."

"Launch out into the deep!" As one surveys the signs of the present time he is at first impressed by the marvellous increase of power which it exhibits; the multiplication of agencies for production and communication, the expansion of efficiency by invention and discovery, the gift to the individual of a new world to use. Never was social life so organized, the machinery of life so perfect, the scope of personal service so great, the privilege of education so universal, the happiness of culture so accessible, or the sphere of religion so central, rational, or persuasive. Nothing could be more contrary to the fact, in this country at least, than the complaint of social agitators that the world is going from bad to worse, that the chances of life are diminished, and the vast majority of men condemned to servitude and despair. Hardship, injustice, and cruelty enough — God knows — remain; and it is the task of every honest reformer to recognize and abate them; but in a fluid civilization like that of the United States, it is impossible to maintain that conditions are permanently fixed, or opportunity denied, or social hope illusory. In spite of many and grievous wrongs, it is not a decadent, but an

advancing world. Civilization is not on its way down, but on its way up. The new note of education, industry, and religion is a note of hope. The social problem of the present age must, it is true, include the providing of conditions which are fit for human lives; but, for the educated and privileged at least, the more immediate problem is that of utilizing the unprecedented opportunities which are as yet unexplored and even unknown.

And if this — in large outline and with many sad exceptions — is the dominant character of the present age, what is the cardinal sin with which people so living must be charged? It is not a general degeneration of morals, like the decline of Rome, with which this age is often compared. On the contrary, the heart of the time is sound; and in spite of excesses of luxury and restlessness of temper, the main movement of the age is toward social responsibility and industrial peace. Yet, as one compares the gifts which the present age so lavishly offers and the meagre acceptance of them by those thus blessed, the contrast becomes humiliating. The sin of the times is not its wickedness, but its shallowness; the small uses of great things; the meagre acceptance of

the call to the deep. The astonishing resources of the world have become as familiar as the blue Lake of Galilee was to the fishermen on its banks; but the mind of the age sits on the beach of its opportunity and washes its empty nets along the shore. To such a time, then, comes the summons of Jesus to launch out from the trivial, the timid, the half-hearted use of life, and to let down the nets of experience into the deep places where they were meant to go.

Let us listen to this message, as we wait on the shore of life, and look out toward the tossing waves of problems and needs which make up the modern world. Here — and nearest to us — is the academic life, with its special privileges and peculiar temptations, — a bay of opportunity opening into the ocean of learning which lies just beyond. What is the most familiar and characteristic failing of men at the University? It is not, as is often fancied, their yielding to positive temptations or flagrant sins. Nothing could be farther from the fact than to picture University life as peculiarly tempted or exceptionally vicious. On the contrary, it is peculiarly sheltered and exceptionally pure. The conditions of a University are

incomparably less gross and degrading than those which must be met by men of the same age in the business world. The chief temptation of college life, as a great teacher has said, is "the temptation to excellence."

Yet, on the other hand, the purposes of the University are defeated, for many men, by a more superficial and an elementary fault. It is the small use of the great opportunity; the easy contentment found along the margin of the academic life, while its deep waters are unexplored. A youth may stand on the very edge of this busy world of learning and research, of happy work and inalienable rewards, and not even lift his eyes from the beach where he is playing and paddling in the shallows. The great game of the scholars is going on before him with all its intensity and delight, and, if he sees it at all, it is from the benches, as a languid looker-on. Nothing is more disheartening than to watch a man drifting thus through his years at the University, like a bit of driftwood tossed by each casual wave and thrown up at last on the shore; and nothing, on the other hand, is so reassuring to one's faith in freedom of learning as to see a youth, under some new inspiration of study or teacher or

companionship, wake from his inactivity or indifference and realize what a world it is in which his happy lot is cast. The call of the Master comes to him, as it came to the fishermen of Galilee, and he lifts up his eyes to the sea of privilege by which he stands, and, with a glad obedience and a scholar's daring, launches his own intellectual life into an untried and boundless deep.

Nor is it only at the beginning of one's academic life that this call should be heard. The specialization of studies which every scholar must welcome, brings with it the permanent temptation to a shut-in, truncated, fragmentary culture, which mistakes small problems for great. When one considers how the path to academic standing lies through a Doctor's degree, and then examines the subjects which lead to that degree, it becomes plain that in making scholars we may be spoiling men, and that the profession of the scholar, instead of being like the bold adventure of an explorer in uncharted seas, may be like the trade of a clam-digger, earning his meagre livelihood along the shoals and flats of learning. Scholarship, it is true, cannot be too exact or microscopic; separatism and concentration must

increase as knowledge widens; but the test of a scholar is his capacity to associate the fragment which he masters with the whole of truth to which it belongs, and to keep the channel open from the little bay in which he works to the great sea of which it is a part. To leave that channel blocked or uncharted is to become, not a scholar, but a pedagogue, a critic, a drudge. Each group of scholars tends its own nets on its own beach; but beyond the dividing headlands opens the unity of learning, and into each separate vocation flows the tide of truth to cleanse and deepen each special task.

Let us listen, once more, to this call of Jesus, as it may be heard among the social customs and tendencies of the present time. As one turns from the vocation of scholars to more general conditions of intellectual life, what does he observe about reading and readers? He observes that, for millions of civilized and educated people, the invention of the printing-press contributes nothing to the daily nutrition of the mind beyond the consumption of two daily newspapers, or of one which is sufficiently swollen to meet the needs of the Lord's Day. Now the newspaper-habit is not

to be regarded as intrinsically a bad habit. It is an enormous advantage to a modern man to have the news of the world spread before him each day. Yet it is certain that the mind which is fed exclusively on this predigested food becomes progressively enfeebled as an organ of thought. It comes to mistake facts for ideas; information for inspiration; small things for great; gossip for knowledge; and at last it is content to dabble as a smatterer in the shoals of culture or to befoul itself with social mud. There is but one experience which strengthens the fibre of the mind, and that is an association with greater minds. One master of literature made a friend, one prophet of idealism received, brings with him intellectual health, self-confidence and vision. Sanity of mind, balance, insight, the worth of education itself, depends upon the resolute determination to push out from the shallows of modern literature to some serious adventure in its deep.

And if this be true of readers, it is no less true of writers, and of the aims of literature itself. As one reviews the tendencies of modern fiction, drama, and art, he is met by a characteristic which is in itself wholesome

and reassuring. It is the striving for truth, the note of reality, the principle popularly known as realism. Whatever is true has artistic value. Fiction reports modern life just as it is; drama reflects the emotion of real people; the artist works in the open air. The return to Nature is sincere and undisguised. What is it, then, which afflicts so much of this realism with a taint of coarseness, superficiality, and cynicism, and makes it an instrument of the world, the flesh, and the Devil? It is the presupposition that the realities of life are sordid, ugly, and base; that to be sincere one must be vulgar; that human nature is exposed only at low-water mark; that the controlling motives of experience are sensual, animal, muddy, and foul. Types and incidents thus described are, indeed, not without reality. They live, but they live trivially, morbidly, sensually. The sin of realism is not its untruthfulness, or even its viciousness, but its shallowness. It analyzes the mud, and misses the stars. How hungry the heart of the time has grown for some reassurance of the naturalism of nobility; for a renaissance of romance; for heroes who deserve to be honored and heroines who deserve to be loved! "The issue

between art and bestiality," William Morris wrote, with reference to Swinburne, "is so momentous that nothing can take serious hold of people, or should do so, but that which is rooted deepest in reality and . . . forced out of a man of deep feeling because of its innate strength and vision." Each breath of this fresher air rejuvenates fiction and art. We have had enough of literary scavengers, picking out scraps of sin from the refuse-heap of human character. The great days of intellectual achievement are to come, as they always have come, when the realism of the spirit supplants the confessions of the flesh, and genius trusts itself to launch out from the shallows of experience into the mystery and romance of the spiritual deep.

It was not, however, of the intellectual or the social world that Jesus was thinking when he called his friends to follow him. He was concerned with the expansion of religious experience into the deep places of communion with God. He had brought them his message and they had retreated with it to their self-centred needs, as they might retreat from the dangers of the lake to the safety of the beach. If, then, the same Master came again to those

who call themselves his followers, would it not be with the same pity and rebuke? The confession of the modern Church to its Master is not one of disloyalty or refusal. Never were there more evidences of acceptance and conformity; never so many organizations for Christian worship, or so many schemes and programmes of Christian work. But to what small issues is the mind of the Church directed, and what meagre use is made of the dynamic of religion? Walk, some day, along a village green or down a city street, where the church spires stand like sentinels to defend the faith, and consider the reason for their divisions, and the tests of their discipleship. Forms of worship, ecclesiastical machinery, sacraments, orders, authority of bishops or presbyters, baptism by sprinkling or immersion, the Lord's Supper as magic or as symbol; — such are the nets which Christian communions, each on its own beach, are busily washing, as though there were no deep waters of the present age which the Christian Church was called to explore. One need not protest that these affairs of internal order and discipline are either unreal or discreditable, but, when one lifts up his eyes and sees the

agitations and issues which perplex the modern mind, how insignificant such controversies seem! "What conclusions they may reach," a distinguished theologian has said, "is unimportant; the only thing of real importance is that they should come to an end."

Here, beyond doubt, is for many young men the most repelling aspect of Christian discipleship. It is not that the Christian religion asks too much of them, but that it does not ask enough. It asks their enthusiasm for sentimental emotions or administrative details, when they want a call to heroism and an adventure worthy of a man. They turn away from the profession of the ministry, not because they want to get rich or because they lack faith, but because they want a masculine, vigorous, venturesome task. They do not propose to sit on the margin of modern life; they are ready for the risks of those who do business in great waters. To the Christian Church, then, comes this summons of the Master to the larger uses of his faith. Never in human history was there such a cry from the heart of the world for the moralization of industry and the spiritualization of social life, never such a demand for social justice and

personal service; and never was it so clear that the answer to such a call is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. What a chance — perhaps a last chance — is offered to the Christian Church for mastery, leadership, and efficiency! How manifestly the modern world is waiting for that production and distribution of spiritual power for which the machinery of Christianity has been so laboriously made! Again the Master stands by the shore of opportunity and bids his timid followers drop their half-washed nets and launch out into the deep.

Such is the call of Jesus to a preoccupied and hesitating Church; and such, finally, is his message to the individual soul. A man sits here, in the quiet of his worship, looking out to the mysterious and untraversed world through which his life must find its way; and asks for some assurance of efficiency, achievement, or reward. What is it that may make life worth the living and save it from emptiness, despondency, and despair? Nothing seems certain in the world but its uncertainty. No condition in life guarantees security or peace. Prosperity may be the source of the subtlest perils; adversity may be the discipline one

most profoundly needs. The experience one dreads may hold the salvation he seeks; the task he shirks may bring the revelation for which he prays. There remains, then, but one rational law of life. It is to take one's experience just as it comes and to make the most of it. Each way of life has its small uses and its large significance; and the interpretation of experience is for those alone who launch out from the shallows to the deep.

A healthy-minded man, then, facing the facts of life, begins his religious confession with a prayer something like this: "I do not ask that life shall be made soft and easy; I ask for strength to venture where life looks hard. Save me, first of all, Oh God, from triviality, timidity, and distrust, and give me insight, foresight, discernment, horizon, space. Rescue me from dabbling in the shallows, and train me for the adventures of the deep. Here is my mind — an open net through which my little thoughts easily escape. Fill it with larger aims and satisfy my hunger for the truth. Here is my conduct, — trifling, cowardly, and fickle; summon it to a new ideal of loyalty, stability, and courage. Here is my religion — self-centred, complacent, narrow;

enrich it with social responsibility and hope; sanctify me for others' sakes; launch my little life on the great sea of human service, and make me a fisher of men."

Will such a prayer unveil all the mysteries of experience and make life simple, unperplexed, and plain? Oh no! There must remain much that seems baffling, cruel, perilous, and undeserved. There are risks in the deeps which one may escape on the shore. But this is the fundamental satisfaction of the great adventure, — that it puts a man where he ought to be, among the vicissitudes and the rewards which are worthy of a man. He is, at least, not a runaway, but a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The coward in him shrinks away as the Master calls for followers; and the hero in him answers: "Here am I, send me." He draws out his little boat of consecrated desire where the flood-tide of the spirit may reach it, and, with a song upon his lips, launches forth into the deep waters of experience and lets down his nets for a greater draught.

IX

THE WRITING ON THE CORNER-STONE

Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his; and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. — 2 *Tim.* II, 19.

THE apostle in this chapter is looking at the growth of Christianity, as a builder stands and looks at the growth of his building. He is, as he says elsewhere, a wise master-builder. He is not the designer of the building. He and Apollos and Cephas and the rest, as he writes to the Corinthians, are working out, in various materials — costly stone, it may be, or wood, or stubble — a design which has been put into their hands. Behind the builder, that is to say, stands the architect. God has sketched His design for the Church that is to be: and these are His workmen, to build what has thus been planned; and the master-builder in this chapter is urging young Timothy to do his part of the work

well, and to be a workman that need not be ashamed.

Looking thus at the formation of the Christian Church as an artisan might look at a building on which he was employed, the apostle sees, rising behind the scaffolding, the marks of bad work, false art, divergence from what the master-builder knows to have been the architect's design. Some of the workmen have thought they knew more than the designer. Hymenæus and Philetus have set up in one corner of the structure a new doctrine of their own about the resurrection; and it stands there, a grotesque blemish on the Architect's plan. The master-builder is indignant. He calls these perversions of the truth "profane babblings" and "foolish questions," and points out to young Timothy the tawdry little additions, which, if they are not taken down, will deface the great design. But then, with a great sense of relief, this master-builder recalls one incident in the history of the building which has practically fixed its form and plan. God, the architect, while He may tolerate variety of method and material in the superstructure of His design, knowing that it can be easily modified and

replaced, has seen the foundation laid under His own eye. The foundation, He knows, will determine both the shape and the stability of the whole structure, and, whatever else may happen, the foundation is sure. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Beneath all the diversities of superstructure in thought or life which may deface God's plan, lies the one substantial and unchangeable foundation, hidden, as the apostle says, "with Christ in God."

That is the first thing which gives comfort to one who observes how many foolish superfluities have been built into the structure of Christianity. But there is more than this to comfort him. Not only has God laid this foundation, which not even the mistakes of Christians can change, but, still further, He has given this foundation a special mark and stamp, so that we may know that it rests on Christ. God has set, so says this passage, in this foundation a corner-stone, and has inscribed on it, just as men do now, the words which mark the nature and purpose of His building. Men may make their superfluous contributions to the towers and pinnacles above; and the day will come when a better

understanding of Christianity will recognize and correct this decadent art; but meantime there shall be no mistaking the fundamental purpose of the great design. It shall always be known what this slowly rising structure was designed to be and do; for this intention is indicated by the shape of the foundation and by the place and inscription of the corner-stone. That gives the master-workman courage for the Church that is to be. It is disturbing enough to watch the bad work of Hymenæus and Philetus, intruding their new teachings into the simplicity of Christ; but, after all, it renews the apostle's confidence to be able to say, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure."

A sure foundation! Let us, first of all, repeat this note of confident hope with which the apostle recurs to the things which cannot be moved. A great sense of relief comes to any man when he discriminates between the thousand things in Christianity which may be superadded to the Christian plan, and the plain, permanent, unmistakable foundation which lies hidden from view beneath. For in our day, as in that of Paul, one is confronted by the heresy of Hymenæus and Philetus; the

desire to make of Christianity a complicated, overloaded, elaborate superstructure, which may quite obscure the original design. To such a heretic, — and he commonly thinks himself as far as possible from heresy, — Christianity is a theological system, wrought out into subtle statements of faith, so that the first thing which catches the eye is this multiplicity of detail. Each creed-maker adds a new pinnacle or buttress, and gathers round him his little communion of sympathizers, and cries: "See! We never knew till now what the Christian Church was meant to be." So the process of sect-making and heresy-building goes confidently on. But beneath all this theological and ecclesiastical tawdriness and exaggeration, which the Christian apostle does not scruple to call "profane babblings," the master-builder finds, and is reassured by finding, what he calls the "simplicity that is in Christ," which marks, not the temporary scaffolding, but the permanent foundation of his Christian faith.

This happy discovery of a sure foundation is the sign in any age of a maturing religious life. Hymenæus and Philetus, like most neophytes, want an elaborate system of belief.

But as one grows older in religious experience the sense of value shifts. He grows to care less for many beliefs, but much more for a few beliefs. He values superstructures less and foundations more. Stability of conviction comes not so much by adding new truths to one's creed, as by leaning very hard on a few truths, and finding them able to bear the strain. When a man in the oil-fields of Pennsylvania counts up the value of his property, he does not say, "I have ten wells while my neighbor has one," for he knows that ten wells may be dry, and one may be a fortune. What he wants is not ten wells, but one that flows. If he has one such, he is rich. Out of its mysterious depths there leaps an overwhelming flood which fills his tanks and pipes, and makes him cry, not for more wells, but for storage-room for the wealth which he has found. That is the way a man strikes truth. It is not the number of shafts he sinks which counts; it is the finding something in any one of them. It is not many beliefs which one needs, it is much belief in something. He does not ask for many gods lest some of them should fail him. One real God is enough. One real truth makes a man rich. Out of its mysterious depths there wells

up a flood of assurances and consolations, as though the universe of God had but that single outlet.

That is the story of Christian experience. One's creed grows shorter, but it grows more real. It is not multiplicity one wants, but reality; not a little belief in many things, but much belief in something. Truths which once seemed unimportant flash on one with their full significance. It is as if he had been sitting on the shore idly watching the flickering lights that mark the coast; and then, in some awful night of trial, from the reeling deck of some shattering experience, came to see in these same lights the saviours from shipwreck and the guides to port. In that darkness, lit only by those trembling beams, one understands at last the Wisdom which has set along the stormy coast of life these scattered lights, and, trusting them implicitly, steers his way in peace.

From many points of view the present age is one of destruction in the Christian Church. Many a belief is shaken; many a creed is shortened; many of the elaborate theories of the past seem like the vain babblings and foolish questions of Hymenæus and Philetus.

But does all this mean, as many suppose, a decline of faith? On the contrary, it may be the sign of a renewed stability. A time when all beliefs are questioned is the best time to sift out the beliefs which are fundamental. It is a time of discrimination. Quantity gives way to quality. The issue of these tumultuous controversies may be that men will settle down on a few great truths, against which neither history nor criticism has any weapon, and that on this broad and plain foundation, not strength alone, but unity will be found. There never was a better age for religious faith than this which calls men so absolutely from the uncertainties of their own superstructures to the sure foundation of God. It is like the time when, through the traditionalism and ritualism of his day, there swept the cleansing wind of the influence of Jesus Christ. His people were believing many things, but they were not believing much of anything. They were adding new turrets to their temple, while its foundations were crumbling below. Then he recalled them to the few great facts on which the whole was built. "On these," he said, "rest all your law and prophets." They dealt with him as a destroyer of the faith, for he shook some of their

pinnacles till they tottered and fell. But he was not come to destroy; he was come to fulfil, — to fill out the fundamental faith with its tremendous meaning. The return to simplicity was the note of supremacy. The deepest secrets of the soul were in its simplest utterances. The world's great epoch came when beneath the mistakes and accretions of the thoughts of men there was laid bare the plain and sure foundation of God.

But the apostle does not write of the foundation only. In the corner of that foundation, he goes on to say, the Designer has set a stone: and on either side of that corner-stone He has set His own inscription. It is the custom of builders still. It was the custom of the Jewish law. "These words which I command thee this day," says Jehovah in the earlier time, "thou shalt write upon the posts of thy house and upon thy gates." What, then, has God written upon the corner-stone which is to be set in the foundation of His design? It is a twofold inscription, says the apostle. One teaching faces one side of the building; the other looks the other way. One is a teaching about God; the other is a teaching about man. One has to do with religion, the other with

ethics. One is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity concerning our relation to God; the other is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity concerning our relation to men. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal": first, "The Lord knoweth them that are his"; and, then, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

Let us look at these opposite sides of God's corner-stone, as it lies there in its place in the sure foundation. What, on the one hand, is a Christian's fundamental relation to the life of God? What is the foundation of his religious experience? One might be inclined to answer: "First of all, one must find God, must believe in God, must be sure that there is a God, and must know something of His ways with men." Now there can be no doubt that the supreme achievement of the human reason is in this knowledge of God and of God's ways. That is theology; and theology is the queen of the sciences, not to be despised or ignored or outgrown, but only to be renewed and strengthened as other sciences contribute new material for it to interpret. Yet how partial and meagre is the knowledge of God which may

be thus attained! The thought of man stands like a baffled explorer on the shore of the little island of the known, and gazes out upon the sea of mystery. The ocean is real, but it is unexplored. Its presence cannot be denied, but its depths cannot be fathomed. So man's wisdom stands before the depth of the life of God; and the wisest push out a little way into that ocean, and to them it seems vaster than before.

Is this approach, then, of the theologian and philosopher, this way of exploration, justified and brave as it is, the experience which represents the religious life? On the contrary, the whole history of practical religion reports a different story. These researches of the theologians are in reality reversing the steps in which religion makes its first approach. We are not in religion, first of all, inquirers and explorers; we are, first of all, receivers. Religion is not our discovery of God, but God's discovery of us. What gives one confidence is not the completeness of his knowledge of God, but the completeness of God's knowledge of him. It is not the sense of finding God which steadies us; it is the sense of God's finding us. That is religion: it is ignorance

in the hands of knowledge, weakness led by strength, the child accepting the Father, not to understand Him, but to obey Him. And that, I suppose, is what the apostle means when he reads on the one side of God's corner-stone the fundamental truth, "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

Here is no controversy with theology. It is simply the confession that our knowledge of God is surrounded by the larger truth of God's knowledge of us. That is what leads men, not to philosophize, but to pray. That is what builds, not a hall for lectures, but a church for worship. Out of the sense that, in our ignorance and blindness, we are held in the love and life of God, flow the psalms and prayers, the peace and hope, which give religion its place in the history of man. When one thinks of all the long, sad history of human endeavor to establish the religious life on man's knowledge of God, the presumptuousness of the theologians, the formalism of the ecclesiastics, the foundation sought in organization or ritual, then one begins to feel the relief with which the apostle settles down on the sheer and simple sense that God knows him. Oh Hymenæus and Philetus, he says,

cease your babblings about past resurrections and future mysteries, and read what is written on the corner-stone! God does not ask of you all knowledge of the heights and depths of Providence. The foundation of your faith is neither in your wisdom nor your guesses. There are many things in heaven and earth which you will not understand until you enter into the clearer light of another world. But to take your life as known of God, as a part of His vast design, working out its salvation because God works in it to will and to do, — whatever else you may build upon that confession, — that is the corner-stone of a religious life. It is inscribed, not with a maxim of philosophy, but with a summons to worship. Its primary confession is: "The Lord knoweth them that are his." On this plain foundation it rests, and its creed is a psalm of dependence and trust: —

> "Thy calmness bends supreme above,
> My restlessness to still.
> Around me flows thy quickening life,
> To nerve my faltering will.
> Thy presence fills my solitude;
> Thy Providence turns all to good."

Such is the writing which Paul saw on one side of the corner-stone, — the side which

faced towards God. Look now, for a moment, at the opposite side, — the side which turns toward man. On it is written the other half of the one seal. And what is it but simply the demand for the Christian character? "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." That, to the apostle, is the second mark of the corner-stone of Christianity. The test of religion on its human side is nothing else than conduct. The fellowship which is in Christ is a fellowship of character. There can be no other stable Christianity than that which, first of all, makes a man depart from iniquity. How often in the history of the Christian religion has it seemed as if it were something else than a school of life! How often have the ecclesiastics and theologians tried to write some other text on the corner-stone! But other foundation can no man lay than that is laid. The discipleship of Jesus Christ begins with the cleansing of personal conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them." No conceivable elaboration of beliefs, or form of ritual, or claim of authority can make a church of Christ, unless on its corner-stone be written the simple pledge of the consecrated charac-

ter. That is Christ's test of Orthodoxy: the mark of a true Church.

All this has grown, by this time, obvious enough. The Christian Church is ready to accept the moral test; and no communion can expect the allegiance of this practical age which does not write on its corner-stone, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." But in our day we have come to the opposite heresy. If the good life be essential to Christianity, what is Christianity but the good life? Is it not multiplying difficulties to demand a relation to God? What have we to do with the supernatural? Ethics without creed, character without religion, — that is the talk of the time. What difference does it make what one believes, so long as he does right? Let us take this corner-stone of the Church, and turn to the wall as superfluous its first inscription, — the Godward-looking one, — and turn to the world the other writing, — the demand for righteousness, — and on that still simpler foundation rest content.

To all these suggestions, of duty divorced from faith, of ethics without worship, as a sufficient foundation, the apostle's answer is

simply this: that religion and righteousness are merely different sides of the same corner-stone, different aspects of the same foundation. What is one's duty? It is his faith turned toward man. And what is his faith? It is his duty turned toward God. Live out your duty broadly enough, and you issue into the experience of religion. Live out your religion definitely enough, and it controls and inspires every act of duty. The reason people are satisfied with duty without faith is because they have not begun to perceive the extension of duty to its ideal ends; the reason they are satisfied with a religion which is not tested by conduct is because they have not really come close to the sense of a living God. Here are not two things, but one. Given a large enough duty, and it reveals God; given a real enough God, and He quickens duty. It is as if one had been born on some small island, and did not know it was an island. It is real ground under him, and he may live in the interior, and do his duty there. But suppose that some day he goes up to the heights above his home or out to the margin of his land, there, beyond him, stretches the infinite and unsuspected sea. So the life of faith holds

the life of duty in its arms; and round about the pressing realities of the daily service of man lies the vaster reality of the infinite and encompassing life of God.

Such is the Pauline doctrine of the corner-stone, the picture of a life that has a foundation, standing in simplicity and strength among the shifting circumstances of the world. Such a life may be unobserved among the showy people of its time. It is like some quiet and substantial building which one may pass without a glance, but which, when one observes it, has about it the marks of repose and stability instead of ornateness and excess. It has heard the great word of the Master: "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." It is not restless and self-assertive, but tranquil and restrained. It is restful, because it has something to rest on. Its foundation is sure. Its supports are solid. Its creed is short but real. Such a man does not hold his beliefs; they hold him. As his character rises from this foundation, and the scaffolding of education and discipline is taken down, the structure turns out to be harmonious and substantial. His conduct is sustained by his faith; his faith is shown by his works. It is

good art all through. The building is consistent. His faith and his duty are opposite sides of one design. One aspect of his character looks toward God; the other toward man. On one side is inscribed: "The Lord knoweth them that are his"; and that front is bathed in the light of the Eternal; on the other side is written: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity"; and this front looks straight toward the business and work of the world. So this uncomplicated and consistent Christian life stands in an overwrought and restless world. And finally, to this man — as to all men — there comes, soon or late, the day of strain, when the storms of experience beat upon him, and the floods of temptation swell about him; and then, under the stress, he still stands unshaken and secure. His foundation is sure. The disciple fulfils the promise of his Master: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

X

DISCIPLINE

The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this and he doeth it. When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. —*Matt.* VIII, 8, 9.

THIS answer of Jesus to the Roman soldier seems at first sight extraordinarily abrupt. There is no evidence that he has ever seen this captain of the guard before, yet in an instant he discerns in him a greater faith than Israel itself possessed. The same quick acceptance is repeatedly reported in the gospels. Jesus meets in the same way Matthew, or Nathanael, or the Magdalene, and, looking into their hearts, reads them at a glance and claims them as his own. Of course this would have been impossible if he were looking for a complete con-

fession of belief as the condition of his welcome. But he was not. What he was looking for was, first of all, a certain habit of mind, a certain spiritual attitude which made lives receptive of him. Seeing this in a man — this attitude of loyal response — he felt sure of that soul; missing this, he knew that no possible correctness of formal belief or of outward deportment could create the discipleship which he desired. Publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom, and scribes and Pharisees would be shut out.

What, then, was the habit of mind which this centurion immediately manifested, and which drew from Jesus so quick and glad a welcome? It was its soldierly quality. The man came to Jesus just as he would have come to his superior officer. His theory of duty had been shaped by his service in the army. He had learned there the lesson of discipline and the habit of obedience. He takes orders on the one hand and he gives orders on the other. He is a man under authority, having officers over him, and at the same time he is a man with authority, having soldiers under him. He expects to obey and he expects to be obeyed. He comes to Jesus, saying, "I know that you

should be obeyed when you speak in the name of God, because I know that I shall be obeyed when I speak in the name of Cæsar." Thus he brings to Christ a soldier's discipline. It has two elements. It means, in the first place, obedience, and, in the second place, authority. Or rather, it is obedience as a private which gives a soldier the right to claim obedience as an officer. He is able to command because he has been trained to obey. That is the essence of discipline. The soldier stands in a hierarchy of authority. He has learned the lesson of obedience and therefore he is able to say to other men, Go, and they go; Come, and they come. So it was with this man. If he had never learned to follow he would not be fit to lead. If he had not accepted discipline in the ranks he would not have had men under him as a centurion. With a soldier's habit of mind he turns to one who, he perceives, is his superior, and recognizes the right of Jesus to be obeyed as though he were standing with his troops before their general and receiving his orders for the day.

I suppose it is this quality of discipline in a soldier's life which made Jesus and his disciples so often speak of the Christian life as the

experience of a soldier. The Christian is "the good soldier of Jesus Christ," "That he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Nothing at first would seem to be more opposed to the Christian ideal than the bloody and unscrupulous brutality of a Roman soldier. Peace, not war, we should say; love, not force, is the law of a Christian. But behind the occupation of the soldier the New Testament discerns the essential character of the soldier. He is not only brave, but also disciplined. That is what distinguishes an army from a mob. The individuals of a mob may be fearless, but the whole body melts away when the soldiers come, because there is no military discipline. When some years ago in Egypt the masses of furious Arabs threw themselves like whirling cyclones on the English squares, as though the very sweep of their multitude would crush those thin battalions, what was it that hurled back the storm? It was not bravery alone. There never was a more fanatical courage than was shown in that attack. It was discipline — the training to obey developed into a compelling instinct and binding the whole force into a confident unity. The English held the field because each man

held his place ; each was under authority and each was thereby strong. Thus the first secret of personal power lies in finding one's place in the order of the whole. The power to command grows out of the power to obey. The first step toward leadership is through the sense of loyalty. The first claim to authority over others is the discovery of an authority over oneself, commanding, persuasive, absolute, like the word of Cæsar to his troops. First let a man be consciously under authority, and then he is able to say to other men, Do this, and they do it. Such is the twofold nature of a soldier's discipline, which received its ready welcome as the habit of mind appropriate for a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Consider, for instance, the results of a liberal education. What is it that gives an educated man his opportunity for leadership? Wherein is his advantage in the competitions of life? What does he find left of his liberal education when he looks back to it from his active career, and tries to sum up its advantage? Certainly what is left is not its details of information, its specific instructions, its readiness with names, dates, tenses, or formulæ. These have slipped away from him

with a rapidity and absoluteness which would surprise him if he had not already experienced the same shedding of accumulated knowledge from the roof of his brain at the end of many an examination hour. What then is left of his education? There is left its discipline. He is able to grasp new problems with facility and mastery, because of the abrupt demands for the same alertness and comprehensiveness made on him in the course of his education. His standards have become high, his judgments broad; he knows what it is to do things thoroughly.

And how does this discipline in education arrive? It comes through contact with great thoughts and with great minds. The educated man has met the masters of literature, has felt the force and sweep of scientific laws, has sat at the feet of the philosophers, and as he has served thus in the ranks of the army of scholars he has come to be prepared for leadership among scholars. Sometimes a man proposes to work out large problems without the discipline of education. He will have some new way of knowledge. He will be a leader without having been a follower. He will astonish the world with a new system of thought or a

new discovery of science. These are the men who strew the bookstores and the patent-office with their wrecks of literature and discovery. They have been self-satisfied because they were ignorant. They have not known the masters or perceived the dimensions of truth, and so they have thought that they were the masters and that truth was small. The disciplined mind, on the other hand, has been a mind under authority. Great teachers have spoken to it. Great thoughts have commanded it. Round the little results which it has gained has spread the mystery of an unexplored universe. It has acquired reverence, humility, and patience. It has seen the magnitude of truth, — the range of its laws, the severity of its standards, the demands made upon its followers. Then, when the transition comes from obedience to authority, the disciplined mind takes the leader's place. It applies to practical affairs its training and facility. It has seen service in the ranks and therefore is fit to command. It does not feel that it knows everything, or that, knowing little, it still knows enough for its purpose, for it has discovered the magnitude of principles which underlie details. An undisciplined mind is

overwhelmed by details. Discipline sees details in the light of general laws. Thus discipline escapes provincialism. A man is not shut in by his vocation. He is its master instead of being its slave. This is the function of a liberal education, — to liberate the mind from the despotism of circumstances and make him master of them. The disciplined mind attains the freedom of the scholar by accepting the training of the scholar. In so far as one has been in his education a man under authority, humbled by the majesty and sweep of the laws of nature, moved to loyalty by great leaders, by Plato or La Place, by Kant or Goethe, as a soldier's heart beats when his general rides along the line, in so far is he disciplined to take his place as a leader in the world of thought and to say to one man, Go, and he goeth, to another, Come, and he cometh, and to his servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

Consider again the operation of this twofold law in the world of conduct. What is it that gives steadiness, poise, and stability among the moral problems of one's life? What gives one resistance under the pressure of temptations, and mastery over the force of circumstances? One's first answer is that it is

strength of will. What makes a man unsteady and unstable, the slave of temptation and circumstances, is, we say, feebleness of will. The problem of a moral emergency is whether the will shall take command. It is like the crisis of a battle when one cries, "Where is the commanding officer, to marshal these impulses into line, to bring up the reserves of self-control and scatter the attack of passion?" What the moral conflicts of one's life demand is a strong and authoritative will.

But how is it that the will thus comes to rule the life? What gives it the power to take command when a crisis arrives? Is it likely to assert itself with some unpremeditated authority, coming among the impulses of life like some unknown leader who leaps to the front of an army and calls on it to follow? Not at all! Strength of character is no more likely to be miraculously attained than strength of intellect. It is the result of a slow process of education, the outcome of a habit of discipline. The will accumulates power, precisely as the mind accumulates insight, and this stored-up energy waits for the moment of demand to give impulse and unity to life. The moral crises of life come unexpectedly and suddenly.

A man sails on over the ocean of his experience like a vessel over a summer's sea, and it is easy for the will to steady such a course under so mild and favoring a breeze. Then, of a sudden, out of a tiny and unthreatening cloud, upon a listless and idling crew, descend the fitful gusts which test strength, skill, and discipline. That is no time to consider what should be done, or to summon a new capacity for seamanship. It is a moment for decision. The discipline of the past is transformed into an instinct for action, so that without reflection the right rope is seized and the right order given. So it is that moral crises descend upon one out of a clear sky. A man is drifting along without a thought that life is serious or dramatic, and of a sudden God tests him. The temptations of business, of lust, of ambition, strike down upon him, darkening his whole sky, straining his whole nature, leaping like waves over his life, and the guarantee of his safety is not in a will then abruptly called into being, but in a will antecedently prepared. These overwhelming incidents depend for their success on the moral unpreparedness of their victim, and the suddenness of their attack. They are to be met

in no hastily developed strength. The will which takes command has been under such control that its action has become an instinct for the right. Its mastery is like the facility of the skilled musician, doing without an effort that which years of effort have trained it to do. It is like the seaman's instinct, prompt to act as the crisis demands. When the sudden storm strikes, the disciplined will takes command of life, crying, Go! Come! Do this! and the whole crew of one's impulses and capacities obey.

And how does this moral discipline arrive? It comes through obedience. The power to give orders comes through the power to obey orders. The will leads because it has discovered principles which it unhesitatingly follows. Who is the man who fails under the moral strain? It is he who sets himself to estimate each case without a standard for all cases, like a captain who works out the handling of his vessel after the squall has struck. And who is safe in the moral crises of life? It is he who has habitually considered conduct in the light of permanent principles, absolute laws, distinct imperatives, which it is not for him to tamper with or readjust, but simply to

obey. Such a man, thrown suddenly among the moral battles of experience, meets them as a soldier. The details of his conduct are controlled by the plan of life to which he conforms, precisely as the duty of each solitary sentinel is an essential part of the commander's plan. As a man under authority, he goes out among the problems of his duty and takes command of them like a centurion giving orders to his troop.

Once more, let us see this same law operating in that deeper region of life where religion lies. What does religion mean, and how is it that religion changes one's life? A man, let us suppose, looks out into the world and proposes to meet its varied exigencies in his own strength. He will direct his own career in his own way, he will settle his own problems as they arrive, he will take command of his own experience. Then see life attack him. See its mysteries crowd upon him, its failures distract him, its successes humble him, its joys surprise him, its sorrows confound him, its deaths desolate him. What is he discovering through all these inevitable experiences? He is discovering that his life is not his own, that he cannot create it, or direct it, or inter-

pret it; that he can only accept it as a trust put into his hands by a power above his own. Then he turns to the thought that his life is ordered, with all its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, and the thought of that higher law comes to him as if he were a soldier who had seen only the parts of the battlefield with their varied victories and defeats, and who then came to stand where the commander stood and saw all these varied incidents fulfilling the one great plan. Thus it is that when a man finds God in the battlefield of the world, the successes and defeats of his own life take their place in the order of the whole, and he goes bravely down again into the smoke of life, knowing that it is for his Commander to plan and for him to serve. It is the same principle fulfilling itself once more. A man who tries to live without religion finds his life continually perplexing and overwhelming, because he does not face it as the servant of the higher law. The religious life is the disciplined life. It commands because it obeys. It is under authority and therefore it becomes the captain of its career. The habit of obedience to God above gives mastery over the world below.

Think of all this as it is illustrated in the person and work of Jesus Christ. What gave him his power to teach with authority? It was that over him was the authority of God. Above him always was his Father, and the world was therefore at his feet. He knew what was in man because he yielded himself to God. He was a leader through the sense of being led. "I speak not of myself, but as the Father giveth, even so I speak." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish the work that He has given me to do." When one thinks of the experiences in which a man must take command of himself or be defeated, when one sees these tests of character stealing up against some unsuspecting life like riflemen creeping up to the attack, when one counts up the vicissitudes of business, the perplexities of thought, the disasters of home, the fickleness of friendship, the joys and sorrows of experience, then one sees where spiritual discipline tells. Believe me, a man will come out of life a conqueror only as he goes into life a soldier. Many orders come to him whose full import he does not know; but he is a man under authority. God speaks and he obeys. His meat is to do the will of Him who sent

him, and in the power of that great obedience the world becomes obedient to him. He walks unharmed through his successes because they are won for his Commander, and in his defeats he is not alone because the Father is with him. He leads his life, he is not led by it; he says to it Go! and it goeth, Come! and it cometh, because he is himself a man under authority.

Finally, notice what this which we have called discipline is called by Jesus Christ. He calls it faith. He says to the centurion that his answer was that of faith. "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Religious faith is, then, a much simpler thing than is often supposed. It is not an assent to opinions, or a conformity to tradition, or an ecstasy of emotion. It is, according to this incident, a habit of moral loyalty. What the soldier feels to his commander — that is faith. It is affection, reverence, and trust, summed up into obedience. Faith in a set of opinions has its power and place, but it is not what makes religion a way of life. That is gained only when a man gathers up all lesser loyalties, his obedience to truth and his instinct for duty, and offers them, with all else he has, as a soldier offers his alertness, capacity, and loyalty to the

leader whom he serves. That is religion. That is the essential relationship of the Christian toward Christ, — the simple discovery of a leader whose right it is to lead, and then, in spite of many mysteries and problems about his person and his plans, the committing of oneself to his cause and the enlistment under his flag. And that is what makes plain and calm the experience of life. To offer oneself, not to serve oneself, but to be loyal to one's leader, — that is what simplifies many a problem and dismisses many a care. There is but one kind of life which can interpret and command this world. It is the life which is free from this world, because it seeks, not its own will, but the will of the Father which has sent it. As it finds its dependence upon God, so it finds its emancipation from the world. Its service is perfect freedom. It has heard and obeyed the great word, "Thy faith hath saved thee." "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith."

XI

THE PARABLE OF THE VACUUM[1]

When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and, finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And, when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. — *Luke* XI, 24–26.

THIS is a difficult parable. Perhaps we cannot tell precisely what it was meant to teach in the connection where it stands. Yet it has a general meaning which seems to be plain. It describes a man possessed by what is called an unclean spirit, and casting that spirit out of his life. That would seem to be a great and happy victory, — the victory of good over evil. We should think it would leave the man free and safe. But this man does not feel himself a tranquil conqueror. On the contrary, he is left unsatisfied, restless, lonesome. He wanders

[1] Cf. *Mornings in the College Chapel*, First Series, p. 138.

through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. He misses the companionship of the very spirit which he had managed to drive away. His life is empty without it. He tries to live in the solitary cleanness which he has made ; but, before long, the outcast spirit knocks at the door, and is more than welcomed back. It comes with its companions, worse than itself ; and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

It is easy to see where the emphasis of the parable lies. It is on the peril of emptiness. The story says that such a dwelling as a human life is must have some inhabitant. No heart can remain untenanted. Driving out one occupant only makes room for more. The old spirit is sure to return and to be welcomed, even if it bring others in its train. If the lesson had been taught in a scientific time like ours, the parable of the empty house might have been called the parable of the vacuum. It is a space which nature abhors. You empty it, but it at once fills itself. There is no safety in the unoccupied life. Or, rather, there is no such thing as an unoccupied life. You cannot eject one tenant, as you may

from your house, and sweep and garnish your soul, and turn the key on its emptiness. Against your will, if not with your will, through locked doors and barred windows, like penetrating air or formless ghosts, there will certainly crowd into your empty life a throng of unbidden thoughts and unpremeditated desires, entering in and dwelling where one spirit dwelt before.

Consider, for instance, the life of a child. Its little mind is never safe from evil unless it be preoccupied with good. The peril which the parent has the most to fear is not the peril of downright wickedness, but the peril of a vacuum. The primary duty of a wise parent is to provide such resources, amusements, and companions that the sense of emptiness shall not get control. The moment a child confesses to itself that it has nothing to do, that moment all the unwholesome sprites of mischief or sin are lurking like foes in ambush, ready to leap into the unguarded citadel of the heart.

Or consider the life of a young man or young woman, as it emerges from childhood into maturer thoughts and larger aims. Here is a momentous transition. Behind one is the

life of childhood, with its occupations and interests, its toys and its tears, its own good and evil spirits; and before one is the life of maturity, inviting to dreams of usefulness or ambition or self-sacrifice, to new trials, temptations, and victories; but just between the two there comes to most young lives a time when neither way of living has complete control. Sometimes there is a shamefaced sighing for the thoughts and books of childhood, sometimes there is a vague burning to do something and be something strong and free. It is a time of restless self-inquiry, of introspection and hesitation, of dissatisfaction with the irresponsibilities of a child's life, yet of unreadiness to take up the obligations of grown people. The engine of vitality is filled with steam which is not yet applied to its proper work. It seethes and boils and threatens risk with its tumultuous energy, because that energy has not found resistance and direction. In most instances later life is determined, to a degree which is most solemn to contemplate, in the course of the half-dozen years when one emerges from childhood and wakes to the temptations and interests of maturity. One's whole later history may be but the realizing of

dreams then dreamed, or the fighting of faults which then overmaster.

Why is it that this transition is so serious? What is the risk that marks this crisis? It is the peril of our parable, the danger of the empty house. The interests of childhood are put away; even its unclean spirits tempt no longer; but their place is by no means at once supplied by the enduring purposes of maturity. The joy of each day's occupation, the novelty of each day's experience, seems enough to satisfy. Nothing gives fixity, permanence, singleness to life. There is no absorbing aim, no continuous purpose. It is too soon, one says to himself, for the solemn plans which make older people long-faced and gray. Each morning brings the studies which other people appoint and the amusements which the world provides. No choice need be made, no personal discipline maintained, no permanent responsibility assumed, no overwhelming temptation resisted. The house is empty, swept, and garnished. Very soon a profession must be chosen, a living must be earned, the competitions and ambitions of life must be faced, and that will be time enough to find a permanent tenant for one's heart.

But you cannot thus leave the spiritual life without a tenant. It will be occupied by something. It is a vacuum which will be filled. There is no safety in its solitude. There is no permanent purity in its escape from the old passions and sins. When the unclean spirit is cast out of a man, it does not leave him safe and sound. It leaves him restless and lonesome ; and, if he does not forthwith fill his life with better guests, back will come the unclean spirits of his youth, — nay, seven other spirits as much more wicked than the first as the sins of maturity are worse than those of childhood, — back they will come, and thrust themselves into the unguarded life, and change its vacuum into a miserable fulness, and the last state of that soul will be worse than the first.

Thus it is that the principle of the vacuum governs the life of youth. And from this time on, and in the most varied experiences of life, it is easy to see its applications. Consider the occupations of the mind. There are two ways to study, — with an empty mind or with a full one. You may take up a book and put away from you all alertness of attention and intellectual expectancy, and as the book has its

which commits itself obediently and reverently to the truth as it is, caring not whether preconceived theories are shattered or upheld. But is this, after all, the kind of science which penetrates most deeply into Nature? Candor, freedom, openness of mind, — these are of course indispensable. But is it essential that the mind shall remain passive and idle — a mirror to receive the truth? On the contrary, the highest type of scientific mind has a much harder task than to evade or deny its own leadings. It has to employ, often on the most stupendous scale, a disciplined imagination. It has to train itself to receive facts with perfect clearness and precision, but, in addition, to let its guesses at truth run out along the lines of these facts, preparing the way for new inquiries and suggesting the meaning of new results. Or rather, to state it more justly, this makes the difference between large and epoch-making work done for scientific ends, and the work of small and meagre minds. The small mind effaces itself, and receives on its blank sheet the writing of Nature: the large mind goes to Nature with its own premonitions, anticipations, and guesses, to be refuted or confirmed. The great steps in science have been

taken when great minds have projected themselves into the facts observed, and have sought their meaning, their origin, or their tendency. Galileo, Newton, Kepler, Darwin, — these men flung their guesses out at Nature, ventured an anticipation, dared to be imaginative, and then had set before them the problem of verifying their own visions or, with equal willingness, of correcting or denying them. One man, that is to say, goes to Nature with his mind full, and one with his mind empty; and the measure of results is in the fulness of thought which applies itself to the truth. Not the empty mind but the mind full of disciplined ideas has scientific insight and grasp. To be untrained in reflection is to be unproductive in observation. To cast out the tenants of one's mind is to have less worthy ones crowd in. The mind which is trained to inquire and disciplined to correct is the mind which out of its fulness dares to discover, and through its discipline is made wise.

Or consider another great intellectual interest, — the study of the Bible. There are two ways to study the Bible. One is to divest oneself of sympathy with it and its teachings, and as we hear it said, to deal with the Bible as

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Or consider another great intellectual interest, — the study of the Bible. There are two ways to study the Bible. One is to divest oneself of sympathy with it and its teachings, and as we hear it said, to deal with the Bible as

one would with any other book. This is often called the method of criticism, as the same method among naturalists is called the method of science. Of course there is truth here as there was truth there. Of course there can be no increase of knowledge about the Bible without impartiality and open-mindedness. But it is quite another thing to say that the mind must be kept free from the impressions and anticipations which such a study constantly suggests. Take, for instance, the life of Jesus Christ. How is one to understand it best? Is he to observe it as he would observe a stone or a star, without growing sympathy or appreciation, or will he understand it better as he permits its influence to grow upon his mind? How is it in the case of any other friend? You may think you understand him while you stand off from him and study him, but you probably do not understand him at all. You come to know him only as you come to love him. The more you empty your mind of impressions concerning him, the more impossible it is to appreciate or admire him. You give yourself to his friendship, and then you find that friendship worth having. It is the heart that is quick with sympathy and responsive in affection

which wins friends and discovers the deeper meaning of others' lives. So it is in the criticism of the Gospels. Some men expend the most serious study on the subject, and never touch the heart of it after all. They know everything about the Bible, but they have not felt the spirit of the Bible. They are familiar with the records of the life of Jesus, but they do not understand, and cannot make others understand, wherein the power of the life of Jesus lies. They have freed themselves from prepossessions, but they have, at the same time, forfeited insight. They describe the Bible, but they do not interpret the Bible. They criticise Christ, but they do not understand him. Nay, more: having emptied their minds of impressions, the principle of the vacuum applies once more, and a host of new and extravagant theories rush in to fill the void. These very students, who are unmoved by spiritual sympathy, may be peculiarly susceptible to crude interpretations and hasty conclusions. If the mind be emptied of the faculty of appreciation, back will crowd into it baser occupants, — bitterness, cynicism, and contempt; and the man who believes himself emancipated may find himself a slave.

Such seems to be the teaching of our parable concerning the intellectual life. Turn, once more, to the life of social enjoyment and recreation, in which we all have a part, and consider its lesson there. In this interchange of courtesies and hospitalities one is almost sure to feel that there is a moral risk; yet one may find it hard to determine precisely where that risk lies. It cannot be in the gaiety or even the frivolity of such scenes. It cannot be wrong to be merry, or useless to be happy, and it is often most refreshing to be frivolous. There is no positive evil in these social relations which occupy so great a part of so many lives. What one has to fear is this, — that these occupations, which seem to fill our lives, may in reality empty them; that they shall provide no nourishment of thought or feeling, no fortifying of will or heart; that in this whirling mechanism of social obligations one may lose altogether any independent personality, and become one more thoughtless, heedless, soulless wheel performing its revolutions with the rest. This kind of life tends to create a vacuum. The atmosphere gets overheated, and the wholesome air is drained away; and in the emptiness which thus en-

sues lies the opportunity for each insidious sin. Sometimes it is like the coming of a cyclone upon some peaceful town. The overheated air shapes itself into a receptive funnel, and there sweeps into its emptiness the overwhelming force of some great passion or sin. Something must be had to keep life full; if not the emotions which follow healthy work, then the emotions of morbid imagination; if not passions turned to worthy ends, then passions working self-destruction. It is not enough to say of one's social recreations that they are harmless. They must, in addition, satisfy the demand for intellectual occupancy, and provide permanent tenants for one's spiritual house.

I may point out one more illustration of the parable. It is in the conduct of philanthropy. In this vast and generous enterprise which undertakes to help the poor, the vicious, the degraded, and the heathen, and amid all its blessings and beneficence, there is this discouraging risk, which sometimes seems to turn all this kindness into a curse. It is the creation of the sense of emptiness. Take away from the poor man the resources of the saloon, and you have taken out of his life one of the

few things which made it cheerful and contented. What shall he now do with his evenings and his holidays? All you have done is to create a vacuum. The man wanders through dry places, seeking rest and finding none; and you are still far from having saved his soul. Place the vicious in prison, and, while you remove him from reach of the temptations of crime, you remove him also from occupations and resources; and again the perils of an empty life ensue. He issues from this confinement and idleness, not with more resolution and resistance, but with nerves relaxed, imagination on fire, and will enfeebled. His sentence condemned him to a vacuum, and it longs to be filled.

Or consider the contact of races, higher with lower, American with Indian, English with Oriental. What sadder fact do we observe than the evil which seems to infect the lower race at the first approach of the higher? The Indian learns the white man's vices and loses his own virtues. The Mohammedan outgrows the restraints of his own faith and, as he says, lies and drinks like a Christian. Once more, it is the sense of a vacuum. Something has been taken out of these lives. They

have lost faith in the authority which once controlled them. The superior race has cast out the evil spirits which seemed harmful; but there has been no new tenant provided for its wards. They have been left no longer Indians, yet not Americans; no longer Orientals, yet not Europeans; and into the vacuum thus made in their unguarded wills there have rushed the evil spirits of civilized life, — spirits far more difficult to expel than the sins of barbarism, — and they enter in and dwell there, the shame of Christian enterprise and modern reform.

It is not enough, then, to say that in such dealings with poverty, crime, and un-Christianized nations philanthropy does but half its work. It introduces a new danger, and one which it is most unjust to add. Temperance agitation has no right to take away from the poor the warmth and comfort of their great temptation, unless it proceeds at the same time to fill that vacuum with the warmth and comfort to be found in better places of resort. Prison discipline is engaged in a fruitless task, unless it restore the prisoner to society with his mind in some degree preoccupied by purposes which exclude the ways of crime. The mis-

sionary work of Christians, with all its splendid self-sacrifices, carries a new danger to heathen nations if it does not, first of all, bridge the chasm between the relaxing standards of the old faith and the untried influences of the new.

This indeed is true, not only of teaching the heathen, but of all preaching and instruction in religion. To take away from a hearer the support of what seemed the truth is not merely to do but half one's work: it is to encounter a new danger. There are no people so easily the victims of foolish superstitions and modern substitutes for faith as those who have been taught the folly of their old ways and have learned no better ones. They feel the vacuum of conviction, and any conviction is better than none. They have been led out from the land of bondage into the wilderness, but have been left there. The only way to deliver people from their errors is by preaching to them eternal truth. A new gospel demands, not negative preaching, but the most affirmative of all. No man has any right to create a vacuum of the heart. Or, rather, any man who tries to do this destructive work is attempting that which is impossible. He is

creating a void into which will rush the worst of occupants. He takes away conviction; and license and lawlessness creep in. He banishes the superstitions of the past, and the superstitions of the present take their place. He cries, "I have emptied, swept, and garnished my house, and am free"; and, even while he congratulates himself on his freedom, some paltry, modern sophistry captures his will, and his last state is worse than the first.

These various ways in which the principle of the vacuum expresses itself lead, finally, to the truth which the parable seems designed to teach. It is nothing less than the fundamental principle of the Christian life; the way in which — according to Christianity — the sins and evils of this world are to be overcome. How is it that human beings are to be rid of the unruly tenants of their hearts? A soul, answers the parable, is saved only when it is full. A sound Christian conversion leaves no room for the old sins to return. There is a large class of physical diseases afflicting the animal world which are called parasitic. They come of one kind of life fastening on another kind of life, and drawing support from it; and they are for the most part to be conquered in

but one way, — not by killing the parasite, but by strengthening the organism. When the animal is sufficiently vigorous, then the parasite dies. Sin is a parasitic growth. It fastens on weakness. It takes possession of emptiness. The way to conquer it is to exclude it. The way to prevent its occupancy is to be preoccupied with righteousness. The way to overcome evil is to overcome it with good. The passions of life were not meant to be destroyed; they were meant to be disciplined. God does not ask a man to empty himself of ambitions; he bids him be full of ambitions which are fit to be permanent tenants of his heart. The same force that goes to make a great sinner may go to make a true saint. A soul is not saved when the force is taken out of it; it is the superior and expulsive force of a new ambition which completes one's conversion.

Here is the point in which the New Testament makes a transition from the Old. Under the earlier teaching the good life was defined as the driving out of evil spirits. It was a negative, an expulsive law. Thou shalt not kill or steal or bear false witness. Then comes the final prophet, John the Baptist, standing in the approaching dawn of the new order, and

repeating once more the same Hebrew message in his people's ears. "Repent," he cries. "Be baptized with water to the putting off of your sins." Yet the spirit of prophecy reveals to him, beyond his own message, a higher teaching. "I baptize you with water," he says. It is the freeing of life from its evil spirits, the washing of life clean of its stains. "But there cometh one after me who is mightier than I. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." What is the baptism by fire? It is that which not only cleanses the heart, but inflames the heart; that which not only empties life of its old passions, but stirs it to new enthusiasms and lights the fire of new ideals; that which leaves the soul not empty, but full. Such is the step in which one passes from the ministry of the Baptist to the ministry of Jesus Christ. From the baptism by water to the baptism by fire, from purity to passion, from emptiness to fulness, — by these successive steps the salvation of a soul is made complete. One may content himself with a passive Christianity, with a negative morality, with a conventional faith, with the expelling of faults and sins. It is the baptism by water. It is the casting out of the

unclean spirits. It is the discipleship of John the Baptist. It is not the positiveness and efficiency of the Christian life. Then, across this passive and conventional discipleship there may come the vision of a new affection, a commanding loyalty, which sets life aglow and aflame, and redeems from the old ways because it is preoccupied by new desires. That affection turned to the way of Christ makes one a Christian. It is not water alone that touches him ; it is fire. It is not emptiness that has saved him; it is fulness. He hears no more the word of the Baptist, bidding him abandon his old ways ; for he remembers that which was written of the Master, "Of his fulness have we received, and grace for grace."

XII

PILATE

A Sermon on Palm Sunday

Pilate saith unto him: What is Truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault. — *John* XVIII, 38.

WE are called to-day to commemorate the last week of the life of Jesus Christ. The chronology of the Gospel is, for the most part, obscure. Critics differ about the length of the ministry of Jesus and the time when each incident occurred, but in their record of these last days all the narratives converge. The events of each day range themselves in order, and it is possible to trace with accuracy the way of Jesus from the triumph of Palm Sunday to the tragedy upon the cross. And most significant of all these scenes of Passion Week is the meeting of Jesus with Pilate: the Roman Governor face to face with the Jewish Christ; the kingdom of the world confronting the kingdom of God.

It is the last opportunity which Jesus has to make public declaration of his purpose and hope; the last chance to render to Cæsar a report of the things of God. What the Church calls the passion of Jesus is in fact ended when he departs from the judgment-hall of Pilate. From this point onward to the cross his steps have the firmness and tranquillity of one who, in the presence of outward turbulence and hostility, has inward assurance and peace. "Father," he says, "it is finished." "I have accomplished that which was given me to do." "My peace I leave unto you." "I have overcome the world."

For to-day, then, let us think of this judge of Jesus, the first man to sit as a critic on the claims of Christ; and instead of observing the judgment of Pilate on the case, let us consider the judgment of history concerning Pilate himself. Few persons in history would be so surprised as Pilate at the place which has come to be his. If there was anything which seemed certain to him, it was that he was not entangled in the case of Jesus. What, indeed, had a Roman Governor to do with this petty issue raised among the turbulent Jews? Pilate's only purpose was to maintain a rigid

neutrality toward the whole troublesome case; and he had good reason for thinking that he was elaborately successful. Notice how he proceeds. First, he declines to judge the case at all. "Take him yourselves," he says, "and judge him according to your law." Then with a languid interest he calls Jesus into the palace and questions him, but refuses to be led into controversy. "Am I a Jew?" he asks. Finally, he determines so to act as to act on neither side. He goes out to the people and says: "I find in him no fault"; but then returns and says to the priests: "Take him yourselves and crucify him." He washes his hands in public, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person"; and forthwith proceeds in private to deliver Jesus to be scourged and crucified. It was a fine poising of the judicial mind. He had cultivated the habit of not committing himself. He was not a scoffer or jester. Bacon says of him, "'What is Truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." But a gentleman would not stoop to jesting as he sat on the bench in a criminal case. Pilate was simply disinclined to take sides, constitutionally cautious, the neutral, the critic, the indifferentist, among

the men of the New Testament. It was said of a distinguished American jurist that he finally retired from the bench because he could not there escape making decisions. Pilate was this kind of a man. The French statesman, Talleyrand, writing in his old age of the qualities of a Minister of Foreign Affairs, said: "He ought to be gifted with a kind of instinct which prevents him from committing himself." Pilate was a good example of the school of Talleyrand. Here was this young enthusiast who had so stirred the people by the kingly declaration of his mission, "To this end was I born, that I should bear witness of the Truth"; and Pilate, the consistent neutral, looks down on him with serious pity and answers, "Ah, my young friend, what is this illusion for which you want to die? Die for it, then, if you will! I find no fault in you; I wash my hands of blame. You bring your fate upon yourself." And so, dismissing this case of an alien, he retires into his palace, well content with himself because he has been neither ensnared by the enthusiasm of the reformer nor misled by the bigotry of the mob.

That, I suppose, was the judgment of Pilate upon himself. But, certainly, that is not the

judgment of history concerning him. History refuses to hold him blameless. The neutrality which he attempted to maintain was an impossible neutrality. Each character in the New Testament comes at last to be estimated by its relation to one central figure. A great wind, as Jesus said, was blowing across the threshing-floor of the nation, and people were taken up by it and sorted into two distinct heaps. Those that were not to be reckoned for Christ were counted against him: those that were not against him were for him; and there was no grain left over which could be called neither chaff nor wheat. And, as for Pilate, the would-be neutral, his place is fixed forever. He takes his stand among the responsible agents of the death of Jesus. The great word had come directly to him: "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice"; and he, not hearing it, takes sides in the case in spite of himself. It is like the story of those unclean spirits who cried to Jesus: "Let us alone! What have we to do with thee"; but even while they protested that they had nothing to do with him, found themselves judged and cast out, and the man made whole. When we survey this last week of the life of

Jesus, moving on from its triumph of Palm Sunday to its cross of Friday, the critical decision is seen to lie in the inactivity of the undecided Pilate. From that point began the extinguishing of popular enthusiasm, the slackening of spiritual loyalty. Even Judas might not have gained his end if it had not been for Pilate. "Shall I crucify your king?" asks the Roman neutral; and then delivers him unto them to be crucified.

What does this impossible neutrality mean, — this thwarting of Pilate's sincere intention to be just, and counting him on the side of the persecutors; this responsibility for results where Pilate expressly disclaimed responsibility? It means that we have passed the limits of neutrality and are among the issues where a man, whether he will or no, has to take sides. In every life there are many problems about which the only reasonable attitude is one of neutrality. You do not know, and have no right to judge; and to pretend to know is foolish and false. True wisdom begins with the wholesome confession of a great area of ignorance. Round the horizon of the known stretches the mystery of the unknown and the unknowable. But, on the other

hand, there are some immediate and universal interests where neutrality becomes impossible; there are issues and decisions in which it is not only true to say that you ought to have your part, but where it must be said that you do have a part whether you wish it or not. And one of the most elementary problems of human experience is to distinguish between the interests where it is possible to be an outsider, and the cases where one is forced to take sides. To be a neutral in the one class of cases is simply to confess the healthy limitations of your knowledge; to be a neutral in the other class of cases is to find yourself inevitably committed to a position which you do not in the least desire to hold. That was the case with Pilate. He happened to be brought face to face with an issue where neutrality was impossible, and he thought it was a case where he could wash his hands of blame. He was busy in the palace with what seemed to him the important things of life. He had his report to write to the Emperor; he had his list of taxable Jews to prepare; his soldiers were waiting to be reviewed; he was eager to get back to the quiet of his study among the parchment rolls of his Plato or his Cicero. For one or

another of these important things he might be almost an enthusiast; but as for this Jewish problem of a spiritual Messiah, this exaggerated talk of a kingdom of the truth, he really did not care enough to interest himself. He falls back upon his cultivated indifferentism, his philosophy of contempt, and out of his own mouth he is judged forever. "Pilate saith unto him, 'What is Truth?'" and "then delivered he him unto them to be crucified."

What, then, are these limitations of neutrality, as they disclose themselves in modern life; and who are the Pilates of the modern world, responsible for results which they have no intention to produce? In the first place, now as in the days of Jesus, it is impossible to be neutral towards the truth. One may be neutral toward many aspects of the truth. One need not pretend to know the whole truth. One may maintain the modesty, sincerity, impartiality of the truth-seeker's mind. But the neutral toward truth is not the reverent seeker; he is the man who does not care to know. He is the critic, the dilettante, the looker-on. He dissects, he does not create. When the lover of the truth comes before him with his message, "Every one that is of the

truth heareth my voice"; then the neutral, with refined superiority, replies: "What is truth?" and withdraws into the palace of his own self-content.

Here is the chief peril of the educated mind. The dimensions and many-sidedness of truth become so impressive that they may crush one's energies and baffle one's decisions. The little that one knows shrinks back before the vastness of the unknown; until, at last, the instinct for truth is displaced by an instinct for error; instead of the power of creation there is left only the habit of criticism; instead of a scholar there is left only the dilettante, the amateur, the cynic, the looker-on. No product of education is so melancholy as this intellectual neutrality, and none is so self-deceived. Such a man is inclined to think himself an intellectual aristocrat. He is not ensnared in vulgar enthusiasms. He has no faith in intellectual Messiahs. He has learned so much of truth that he has lost his enthusiasm for truth. "What is Truth?" he asks and stays not for an answer. But does he succeed in maintaining this academic neutrality? On the contrary, he is the most insidious enemy of truth. His weapon against the truth is more destructive than an

argument; it is a sneer. He does not drive the truth-seeker out of his position, he freezes him out. He does not return the fire of discussion, he dampens the powder with which others fight. Such people are, as Mr. Lowell said, the signs of an age which "lectures, not creates."

> "Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
> And twittering round the works of larger men
> As we had builded what we but deface."

More than this: the mind habitually inclined to the critical habit becomes not only an obstruction to creative work in others, but incapable of such work itself. The glow and passion of work are lost in cleverness or satire or technical skill. The great ideals of literature and art are forgotten in the taste for accuracy and the dread of excess. When metal is refined it must be heated; but when men are refined they are often cooled; and the cooling of intellectual enthusiasm leaves a mass of intellectual slag. Such is the self-deception of the neutral. He views the truth from Pilate's judgment-seat, with no thought of taking sides; when, in fact, he is as responsible for the defeat of the truth as if he nailed it to its cross.

I go on, once more, to say that one cannot

be neutral toward duty. He may not do his whole duty; he may not even know sometimes what his duty is; but when it happens that his duty unmistakably confronts him with its demands, then there is no such thing as neutrality; and the would-be neutral is judged by the duty he neglects, as Pilate is judged by the Christ in whom he finds no fault. When, for instance, a problem of public morals or political reform comes before a community, it is not enough to say that many citizens are neutral about it and a few have to grapple with it. The truth is that the few have to overcome, not only the evil itself, but also the dead-weight of social inertia and pre-occupation. The would-be neutrals are the most provoking and subtle of opponents. They are the Copperheads of the moral war, who fancy themselves non-combatants but in reality attack in the rear.

Or when, again, a problem of personal conduct presents itself with an unmistakable demand there is no such thing as neutrality in its presence. One of our periodicals not long ago contained an article, written, to be sure, by a very young man, which spoke of the "fetish, called duty"; and one could not help

thinking what rich lessons experience would have to teach one who had come to the point of authorship and had learned no more of life than this. The fetish, called duty! It is as if a young soldier with his uniform just put on should talk of the superstition called discipline. It is the first restlessness of the raw recruit. But let such a recruit come to a real battle, let a real enemy descend upon him in one awful charge, and then there is but one thing which gives the soldier calmness and self-control as he stands in the ranks, and that is the habit of discipline wrought into an instinct of obedience. What is the peril most besetting our modern social life, if it be not this sort of moral neutrality? It is not the wickedness of the social world which is most alarming, it is its irresponsibility. To live in peace, to avoid extremes, to mind one's own affairs, to keep out of trouble,— so Pilate survives to-day; and before such a man the great moments of opportunity come up as Jesus came to the judgment-seat, and are waved away with a smile. "Blessed is the man," says the first Psalm, "who sitteth not in the seat of the scorner." The scorner is never on his feet, actively helping the world's

work. He sits in his seat and scorns, and the world's work passes him by. And, on the other hand, what gives courage to each act of duty is this — that at least you have taken sides. You may not expect to accomplish much; you may try and fail. You may take your part without visible effect. Your sincerity may be distrusted, you may be misinterpreted and defeated, until you think of your Master and the cross he bore. But one great blessing comes to you, as it must have come to him, by the doing of your duty. It is the sense of loyalty. You have not sat in the seat of the scorner. You have stood in your place in the ranks. The line has not been broken at you. It may not be for you to win the battle, but at least the battle is not lost through you. At least you have not the permanent sorrow of the runaway: —

"And this one thought of hope and trust
Comes with its soothing balm,
As here I lay my brow in dust
And breathe my lowly psalm.
That not for heights of victory won,
But those I tried to gain,
Will come my gracious Lord's 'Well done!'
And sweet effacing rain."

I come, then, to one more subject where neutrality is impossible. It is religion. There are a great many things which concern religion about which one may well be neutral. Indeed, there are many times when one ought to be neutral because one does not know. The history of religion is strewn with the wrecks of systems of omniscience ; and the controversies of theology to-day are largely concerned with subjects concerning which the only wisdom is in the confession of wise ignorance. The first step in sound theology is the confession of the great number of things you do not know. But as to religion itself, — that practical way of living of which theology is the philosophy, — the natural and human confession of dependence and loyalty, — as to this there can be no neutrality. If one maintain the habits of religion, that, so far, is a testimony of loyalty; and if one does not keep such habits, if he secularizes his Sunday, and abandons worship, and practically paganizes life, — then it is quite in vain to say that he finds no fault with religion ; or wants it when he marries or dies, and washes his hands of it for the rest of his life. Even so, Pilate was, in his opinion, misjudged when he was called an enemy of

Christ. But that is the very point. He had to be misjudged. He put himself where he could not help being counted in the opposition. He was like a soldier who is found, while the battle is going on, among the camp-followers in the rear. He may explain that he stopped to tie his shoe, but he must face the charge of shirking until he reappears at the front. It is an impossible neutrality. He that is not with the army is against it.

There are many unfortunate controversies still lingering in the theological world, and to many of us these issues appear so remote and superfluous that they are not worth the powder with which the battle is fought. But the real peril of the time does not lie here. It lies in the reaction from these issues; not in the answers given to such problems, but in the neutrality toward all religious questions which so many people accept as the outcome of such debates. It may be a waste of time for Christians to debate whether they may worship together; but it is still more unfortunate to react into indifference toward worshipping at all. It is better to worship in various churches and by exclusive forms than to sit in the scorner's seat, and judge all wor-

ship vain. It is better to discuss hotly the authority of the Bible than to have no acquaintance with the Bible. It is better to debate about progressive sanctification after death than to have no desire for progressive sanctification before death. "It is better," as Phillips Brooks once said, "to worship in a hundred places where God is not, than to neglect to worship in one place where He is." All these feverish activities and sectarian controversies have at least this sign of good, — that they indicate a serious interest in religion, a devotion to truth so far as it has been made clear; and out of such controversies there is much more likely to issue a permanent spiritual vitality than is to come from complacent neutrality or intellectual conceit.

Such, then, is Pilate in our modern life, — the superior person, restrained and worldly-wise, emancipated from vulgar enthusiasms, not entangled in other people's troubles, unaffected by the majesty of truth even when it stands straight before his face. And over against this jaunty neutrality stands, to-day, as it stood in this Passion Week in Jerusalem, the spirit of Jesus Christ, the erect and self-respecting faith of man in communion with

the Eternal. Over against the trimmer in political life stands the loyal worker for political reform; over against the literary critic with his fine contempt stands the creative scholar with his unstained ideals and aims. Before the self-indulgent woman of the conventional world, smiling at the folly of serious views, stands the woman who has found a great new joy in the service of less favored lives. I see these types of the Christian life coming up one by one to-day before Pilate's judgment-seat. I see the patient student stand before the scoffing critic; I see the persistent reformer smiled at by the stay-at-home; I see the self-forgetting servant of the common good fail, and the self-indulgent time-server succeed; I see the life that tries to be faithful bearing heavy burdens, and the life that is content to be worldly gain its end. It is all as if Jesus Christ passed once more from Pilate's judgment-hall to the agony of Gethsemane, while Pilate withdrew once more behind his curtains to the composure of his self-satisfied life; as if the Christian life had still to defend itself, and the neutral had but to judge and go; as if right were forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the

throne. I see the intellectual dilettantism of the present day, and its moral levity, and its religious indifferentism, sitting on the scorner's judgment-seat, and I hear their light-hearted fling of, "What is Truth?" as they go their way of self-satisfied success. And then I wait; and I see these Pilates of the present time, like him who thought he sat in judgment on the Christ, have their little day of imaginary importance, and then simply shrivel up into specks in the world's history; remembered only because they happened one day to stand near the life which they jauntily condemned. And I see the faithful servants of the truth, as they go their way with their crosses upon their shoulders, finishing the work that is given them to do; and they have the confident step of those whose passion is a victory, whose cross is a crown, and whose place is not among the Cæsars but among the saviours, not with the courtiers of Pilate but with the disciples of Christ.

XIII

THE POWER OF THE ENDLESS LIFE[1]

A Sermon on Easter Sunday

Who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. — *Heb.* VII, 16.

THE contrast is between two kinds of motives. A law is an outward regulation; a power is an inward force. One sort of life, the passage says, is governed by law, with its external enforcement. Another sort of life is inspired by power, with its interior control. No word is more characteristic of the New Testament than this word, Power. It is the word in Greek from which we get our modern words, dynamic and dynamo. "His word," it is written of Jesus, "was with power." It was a dynamic word. "To them he gave power," it was said of him. "That the dynamic of Christ may

[1] Cf. *Mornings in the College Chapel*, Second Series, p. 190.

rest upon them," prays the Apostle Paul. The New Testament, that is to say, is a kind of power-house, where the motive-power of the life of Jesus is set in communication with the life of the world. In our text this sense of power is still further discovered, not only in the life of Jesus, but in the truths he brings. The truth of immortality, the faith in an endless life, is described as a power; and is contrasted with the external laws and regulations of the world. Immortality, the passage says, is not only a hope or a philosophy; it is a dynamic. It is not only a truth to believe in, but a power to use. There are many lives which find their motives in the external and changeful circumstances of the world, as sailing vessels are governed by the blowing of the wind; there are some lives which are moved by the consciousness of immortality, as steamships are propelled by their own engines; and these lives have a dynamic quality about them because they are controlled, not by an outward or carnal commandment, but by the power of an endless life.

Such is the contrast of this passage; and it suggests two ways in which the feast of

immortality, which the Christian Church observes on Easter Sunday, may be kept. One way of commemoration is through a reconsideration of the fact of immortality, a weighing of the evidence, a proof of the endless life; the other way is through the utilization of the fact of immortality, the practical acceptance of the dynamic of the endless life. Many a sermon is being preached to-day to demonstrate immortality as a fact; many a mind is reconsidering the possibility of the resurrection of Jesus Christ; many a heart is longing to know the truth about the departed dead, and praying on this Easter Sunday: "Oh, that I might be sure that those I love are near me in their endless life." These demonstrations and speculations have their legitimate place at the feast of immortality. Yet, after all, this is but a preliminary relation of the mind of man with the thought of life and death. It is very interesting to consider whether human beings can be immortal, and what shape and character their immortality may bear; but a more practical problem is to consider what use one could make of immortality if he had it.

This is the problem we now set before our

selves. Let us turn from the endless life as a law, and think of it as a power. Let us take for granted that the evidence about immortality is convincing; let us repeat with the Christian Church the great confession: "I believe in the communion of saints; I believe in the life everlasting"; and then let us go on to ask what difference this truth makes in the conduct of life. Suppose that, in spite of much obscurity and ignorance, one should practically try the hypothesis of permanence; and instead of living by the law of a carnal commandment should propose to live by the power of an endless life; then, what is likely to happen, in one's thought, in one's conduct, in one's affections? What does immortality do for one? What power does it communicate? What dynamic does it offer?

It is as though one had been speculating about the nature of that wonderful force which, for want of a better name, we call electricity. He has seen its dazzling effects, flickering and dancing across the sky; he has studied its action and penetrated a little way into its secret. Then at last it occurs to him that, though this mysterious power cannot be wholly understood, it may at least

be utilized; and while there is much about it which he does not comprehend, he proceeds to convert it into light and heat and motion, and to live from day to day by the power of its dynamic life. So, for to-day, we undertake no ambitious speculation concerning the nature of immortality, but consider simply the uses of immortality. Instead of crying with Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" we ask the more elementary question: "If a man is to live again, how shall he live now?" What is the difference between a person who is controlled by the law of a carnal commandment, and a person who is stirred by the power of an endless life? An English mystic once wrote of what he called: "Practicing the presence of God." Why should we not in the same way practice the presence of immortality?

First of all, it must be admitted that the dynamic of immortality is not the only form of force on which spiritual momentum depends. It is sometimes urged that if we are not immortal there is left no sufficient motive to make us good; that if death ends all, then the only safe rule of life is "the law of a carnal commandment." "What advantageth it me,

if the dead rise not?" says the Apostle. "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die." But the fact is that even if this little life were all, it would still be better to be wise than to be foolish, and better to be good than to be bad. One great motive for right-doing would indeed be lost, but motives enough, thank God, would still remain to keep one prudent and honest and give one a real, even if not a perfect, moral law. Fortunately for us all, there are many pillars which support the righteous life. When God led forth the children of Israel into those wanderings in which our religious history began, he led them out of a land where faith in immortality was universally conspicuous, and they left behind them that faith, along with other temptations of the land of bondage, so that for centuries the righteousness of Israel was maintained without the power of an endless life. In the same way God leads many a modern wanderer through many a wilderness of perplexity or doubt, and still holds such a man to duty even though he may lose his hold on the immortal hope. To claim everything for immortality as a motive is simply to ignore the fact that many a brave

life has been lived without it; and that is to defeat the cause which one desires to defend.

Still further, it must be admitted that the power of an endless life may be applied in ways which not only do not wisely utilize it, but which result in great waste of force. We are told that in electric wires and conduits much of the force which should be applied to its proper work leaks away, and decomposes pipes and wires, through the action known as "electrolysis." There is a similar waste of energy in the spiritual life, a sort of "pneumatolysis," which diverts the dynamic of immortality from usefulness to harm. Suppose, for instance, that one's thought about the future amounts to no more than this, — that he wants to be spared from its awful penalties and to gain its perfect bliss. How will this motive of sheer self-interest be likely to work? It may operate to make a man even less generous and heroic than many a man who has no such hope or fear. He is computing consequences rather than living the abundant and uncalculating life. He may claim the promises of Christ, but he has missed the grace of Christ. The dynamic of immortality is misdirected and dissipated. Indeed, so far

may this waste of power go that it may even paralyze the spiritual life, as when the electric power runs from the trolley to the ground and stops the traffic or endangers the passers-by. Sometimes a person believes just enough in the future life to make him afraid of it, and yet not enough to make it move him. Most of the time he lives as if he were going to die, but now and then there comes over him the awful suspicion that he may be making a dreadful mistake and is going to live; and then he tries to atone for habitual worldliness by occasional piety, or for a life of self-indulgence by a death-bed repentance. Lawrence Oliphant once said that religious people in England were of two classes, — the "wholly worldly" and the "worldly holy." The wholly worldly are those who have lost their connection with the power of the endless life; and the worldly holy have run that power into the ground. Thus the occasional flicker of immortality, while it may not be worse than total darkness, is often more confusing, as a lightning-flash at night startles and blinds. It reveals no clear way of conduct. If one were perfectly sure of his unbelief, then he might surrender himself to the law of the carnal

commandment; or, on the other hand, if he were perfectly sure of his belief, he might give himself to the power of an endless life; but as it is, he swings from one alternative to the other, and may get the minimum of satisfaction and the maximum of discomposure. As Browning's Bishop says: —

> "All we 've gained is, that belief,
> As unbelief before, shakes us by fits,
> Confounds us like its predecessor.
> What have we gained then by our unbelief
> But a life of doubt diversified by faith,
> For one of faith diversified by doubt.
> We called the chess board white, — we call it black."

What then can immortality do for us? What difference does it really make that we are not going to die? Suppose one lives by this power, taking it, as the naturalists say, as a working hypothesis, how will it affect the conduct of life? In order to answer this question it is necessary to ask another. What is it that our lives most need to make them rational, efficient, and wise? Many qualities may, of course, contribute to steadiness, stability, and self-control; but a reasonable life needs, most of all, the conviction that things have a meaning. What keeps most lives unstable, irrational, and restless is that they seem to them-

selves to have no significance, no place, no meaning of their own. One looks at his own experience, its insignificant incidents, its frittered interests, its bitterly hard work for ridiculously small ends, the pettiness of its ambitions, its great hopes and meagre achievements, — and is inclined to ask: Of what earthly use is all this? What is it but the transient flight of an insect which spreads its little wings to the sun and is crushed that very day? "What is your life?" says the Apostle, and one repeats after him: "It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." If this is your life, — a moment without meaning, an accident, a fragment, a morning mist, why take it so seriously, why try to understand it, why pretend that it has worth? Why strive and agonize and repine as though the universe were waiting for your coöperation? Why not surrender yourself to passing inclination, and slip down into the abyss of oblivion, like a wave that leaps up for a moment, bright and dancing in the sun, and then sinks back into the deep again as though it had never been?

Ah, but suppose that your life is not without a meaning; suppose it has a permanent

significance in the order of the world; suppose that, like each member in an organic life, like each part in a great machine, it has its own place and purpose, — then a new demand is laid upon you, and a new motive is yours. Suppose you are needed in the universal order and have a share, — infinitely small, yet infinitely precious, — in the eternal process; then, to fail is to retard the mighty purpose; and to fulfil your part is to contribute to the permanent. What is this that is thus redeeming your little life from meaninglessness and insignificance, and giving it stability, patience, and peace? It is the dynamic of the endless life. Taken by itself your life is indeed but a fragment, a moment, a thread in the great loom of time; but taken in its relation to the whole of God's purpose it becomes essential and significant; for the power of the endless life is moving through that loom and every thread has its place in the great creation, and each thread snapped mars the whole. That is what immortality does for us. It makes life large and significant, instead of small and accidental. Each day's work well done counts for God; each dropped stitch mars the perfect work. The fragmentariness

of life does not rob it of meaning. On the contrary, its incompleteness is the sign of its continuance. The segment prophesies the circle. "On earth the broken arc, in heaven the perfect round."

The life of Jesus Christ was cut off, as we say, prematurely, in the prime of opening manhood, with many a message undelivered and many a task undone. Yet Jesus finds no sense of prematureness in his departure, or of incompleteness in his work. "It is finished," he says. "It is expedient for you that I go away." "I have accomplished that which was given me to do." What is it that gives him this amazing sense of tranquillity and completeness? It is the dynamic of the endless life. He sees his fragmentary work taken up into the purposes of his Father; he sees the spirit of the truth teach his disciples what they could not bear to receive from him; and, seeing all this, with perfect serenity and faith he goes his way into the mystery of the future, and his farewell to his friends is in those words, so strange for one thirty years old to utter as he is snatched away from all that seems waiting for him to do: "My peace I leave with you." "I go to prepare a place for you."

Such, in general statement, is the power of the endless life. It gives to human experience a meaning, instead of leaving it a fragment or a blunder in a meaningless world. But the same power may be traced a little further in its operation. The power of the endless life is not exhausted in this comprehensive and general result. It has specific ways of action. It has its effect, first on our thoughts, then on our duties, and finally on our feelings. It makes possible thoughts which have length, and duties which have breadth, and feelings which have depth ; and thus it expands life in all possible ways. Let us look for a moment at these specific operations of the dynamic of immortality.

What, for instance, does a man think about if he is sure that he is not going to die? Sidney Smith once said that what one needed among the uncertainties of this world was "short views," — plans, that is to say, which do not look far ahead ; and if death ends all, he was right. In so momentary and unstable a life as this world offers one should have short views. He should lay his plans from day to day, and abandon that which is not immediately attainable and sure. But if, on the other

hand, one is living by the power of an endless life, then a new range of thought opens before the mind. One may have long views, and plan long ventures of the mind. Large areas of thought may be entered; for there will be time to explore them. Thoughts are justified which are not devoted to daily bread, but are concerned with the unseen and eternal. What, indeed, is all our learning but preparatory, educative, preliminary? There is no conclusion to it here. In it all we are beginners. Thought which has length gets its momentum, even though the thinker be unconscious of it, from the power of an endless life.

What, again, is the duty of a man who is going to die? It is, as we have already seen, a real duty. But it is a duty without breadth, — a meagre, stunted ethics, the balancing of rights and the arrangements of expediency. How can a vision of self-sacrifice or heroism be revealed to one whose duty is bounded by this life? To suffer for one's cause, to die, like Jesus of Nazareth, for an ideal, in the bloom of early manhood, is simply to confess oneself a mistaken enthusiast. Such a person is throwing away his one chance; he has over-

stepped all reasonable bounds of duty. But if one is not going to die, he has no need to adjust himself to temporary conditions. He can afford to be misapprehended, unappreciated, opposed. His duty has breadth. It is not what people think of him from day to day which counts; it is what he will think of himself when some day he sees the total issue of his moral victories or defeats.

The same dynamic gives depth to feeling. If the life of the affections be really bounded by the chances of this world, what is the best rule for the heart? It must be the rule of superficial feeling. How can you give yourself unreservedly to your friend, your wife, your child, if, at any moment, that bond is to be snapped forever and your heart broken? The deeper feeling goes, the more certain it is to bring with it tragedy, grief, and loss. The deeper the root, the more violent the uprooting. It is folly under such conditions to permit yourself an unrestrained affection, to set your heart, as we say, on anything. The only wise man is he who forbids his feelings to have depth, who guards himself from great emotions, and runs no risk of overwhelming sorrow. Ah, but this is precisely where nature confronts one with

her prophecy of immortality. You cannot deal thus with your affections. There is a quality of eternity about them. The reason they go so deep is that they are not meant to die. One who has committed himself wholly to them has just so much contact with eternity. The whole range of experience which we call love, friendship, sympathy, admiration, — experiences which give all the color and glow to human life, — are simply baffling and uninterpretable unless they are somehow safe from death. The very essence of them is in their depth; and that which gives them depth is the power of their endless life.

This brings us to the final consequence which comes from practising the presence of immortality. For the practical attempt to live by the power of the endless life turns out, for most people, to be the way in which they come to believe in the truth of the endless life. Its use as a dynamic becomes its proof as a fact. We often fancy that immortality must be proved to us somehow, by philosophy or history, before we can believe in it. But what happens much oftener is that we are permitted first to see an immortal life, and then, as a consequence, to believe in it. We know it as

a fact because we have felt it as a power. In your home, in your memory, in the personality of Jesus Christ, you have come into relation with lives which had about them the quality of eternity. It may be difficult to picture the way in which these lives continue to live; but it is much harder to think of them as ceasing to live. They had a quality of timelessness about them. Their charm, promise, purity, and graciousness were not things which one can associate with extinction. "What is excellent," said Emerson of his own child, "as God lives, is permanent." Contact with the endless life is the evidence of immortality. Heaven has seemed to many a life like home, because home has seemed like heaven. As the reality of love is proved by loving, so the reality of life is proved by living. Faith in the future comes of experience in the present. Faith in immortality issues from the love of those not made to die.

Who are the real doubters about the endless life? They are the self-indulgent, the fleshly, the self-centred, the cynics, who have not used the power of the endless life. They cannot believe in that which they do not share. They are not living as though they were im-

mortal ; and so the truth of immortality is hidden from their view. And who are they to whom the evidence of the endless life is convincing ? They are those who have felt the dynamic of the endless life. Doing the will, they know the doctrine. Their faith is the corollary of their conduct. Feeling the power, they approach the fact. Practising the presence of immortality, they can wait for the disclosure of immortality. It is as when one waits through days of lingering cold for the slow coming of the tardy Spring ; impatiently perhaps, because eager to see the blossoms ; yet not faithlessly, as if there were no change to come. For everywhere, after abundant rains, the power of the endless life is working to draw out the flowers ; and everywhere, under the same law, after abundant tears, the same power works to change the winter of the soul into a fragrant Spring.

XIV

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SOCIAL SERVICE

For their sakes I sanctify myself. — *John* XVII, 19.

IT is often asked in our day whether Jesus Christ announced a definite social programme; and many people are eagerly inquiring: "How would Jesus stand toward the grave social issues of the present time? Was he what we call an individualist, or was he what we call a socialist? What, according to him, is the philosophy of human society? How shall a disciple of Christ discover his Master's social doctrine? Is it possible to adjust the principles of the Christian gospel to the tragic needs of the social problem of to-day?"

The answers to these questions are as varied as they are confident. On the one hand is the undisturbed believer in the personal message of Christ, content to hear that great word of Jesus, the individualist: "What shall it profit

a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" On the other hand, is the passionate reformer, dreaming of a revolutionized world of social responsibility, and recalling that other great word: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Sanguine disciples propose to convert the cruelties of modern trade to the fraternalism of Christ; indignant agitators find in all religion a waste of energy and of capital, and, as one such man has lately said, "hate the very shadow which the spire of the village church casts upon the green."

What a change of atmosphere is felt when one turns from these eager, conflicting, bitter, modern voices, to the great, comprehensive affirmations of Jesus Christ himself! He does not argue or dispute concerning either the life of God or the life of man. He comes to reveal the Fatherhood of God; but in all his teaching there is no formal proof of such a doctrine. He simply goes his own great way through life, assuming this relationship with the Father; and, precisely as any man, in his habitual and unconstrained conversation, discloses the inclination of his mind, so the prayer of Jesus, "Our Father," and the parable of Jesus, "The father had compassion on him,"

and the incidental saying of Jesus, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," disclose with perfect naturalness the habitual attitude of his will. In the same way Jesus Christ is not a system-maker concerning the relations of human society. He does not come with a programme or panacea or mechanical device. The men of his time tried to claim him for such dogmatic utterances, as men of our time are trying to claim him. "Master," said a legacy-tax reformer to him, "speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me"; and Jesus answers, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar?" asked those who would claim him as a political revolutionist; but he refuses to be entangled by their talk and answers, "Your duty to Cæsar will be plain if you discern your duty to God."

Yet, out of such a mind, in habitual communion with eternal truths, there is sure to proceed a principle of human conduct in relation to society as unmistakable as the principle of Fatherhood in the idea of God. The great conceptions which the modern world is laboriously formulating, — the social organism, the brotherhood of man, the interdependence of

the weak and strong, — these are not dogmas wrought out by Jesus into a system; they are simply the elementary assumptions out of which his conversation and conduct habitually spring. When on some sultry day a fresh afternoon breeze sweeps over some suffering city, and pallid faces brighten, and the pillows of the sick grow cool, and the work of the world lies easier on its shoulders, — that is not an achievement of a system-maker, as though it were devised by some judicious weather-bureau, supervising all; it is simply the movement of the compassionate life of God across the weary life of man, reviving the capacity to live and to hope. So sweeps the breeze of the teaching of Jesus over the weariness and hopelessness of the world, not to systematize its life, but to revive its life; not to originate a doctrinal system, but to restore a vital system; and many a perplexing problem and enfeebling disease of the modern social world is swept clean away by the tonic visitation of this new ideal.

Was Jesus an individualist? Oh, yes! There never was a more absolute emphasis laid on the imperishable and incalculable value of each human soul. The worth of the individual, man

or woman, free or slave, saint or sinner, gained a wholly new estimate in the light of the Christian gospel. The shepherd goes out after the one sheep; the woman sweeps the house for the one piece of money; the first gift of Christianity, to a world where the mass of human beings were the mere instrument of gain or pleasure for the few, was the appreciation of the unsuspected significance of each humble human soul. The method of Jesus was individualized. He saves men one at a time. His way of help was personal. "I am the way." "Come unto me."

Shall we say, then, that Jesus was not a socialist? Oh, no! It is impossible to study his gospel without perceiving that throughout his ministry there hovered before his mind the dream of a perfected and united human society, in which the brotherhood of man was at last to be fulfilled. He called this social ideal the kingdom of God. It was the one thing to be desired. It was the hid treasure for which men were to dig; it was the pearl of price for which all else was to be sold. Each Christian prays for this coming of social peace and justice when he prays, "Thy kingdom come." No modern agitator, dreaming

of a time when all men shall live for the good of all, was ever more audacious or extravagant or Quixotic in his hope than this visionary Jesus, with his unconquerable expectation of an earthly kingdom of a living God.

What, then, we ask ourselves, becomes of any consistent philosophy of society? Is Jesus now individualist and now socialist? Is Christ divided? Are his disciples left among paradoxes and contradictions? On the contrary, in this twofold teaching of the individual and the social order lies the very essence of the Christian doctrine of society. Why is it that the individual is so absolutely precious? For its own sake? Oh, no! Taken by itself a human life cannot be regarded as a very important thing. It is, at the best, but a momentary, fragmentary incident, a wave that leaps up for an instant into the light and then sinks back into the oblivion of a universal sea. But suppose that in the economy of God each glancing wave counts in the great tidal movement which refreshes the world; suppose each individual life is needed for the kingdom, and the kingdom comes through individual lives; suppose each member of the body has its part in the health of the whole, and the whole is en-

feebled if any part be weak, — then the paradox of part and whole, of soul and kingdom, of ocean and wave, opens into a larger truth, and the philosophy of the individualist and the socialist are at one. The single life finds its significance in the service of the whole, and the whole finds its security in the integrity of each single life.

With perfect completeness and with exquisite humility Jesus sums up his doctrine: "For their sakes," he says, "I sanctify myself." For their sakes, — that is the end, the common good, the social welfare. I sanctify myself, — that is the starting-point of redemption. The beginning is individual, the aim is social. The way to make a good world is, first of all, to be good oneself. First character, then charity; first life, then love; — that was the way of Jesus Christ. He does not stand in history as the great organizer or reformer of the social world. He stands primarily as the witness of the capacity for social service offered to each human soul. The kingdom of God, which is the end of endeavor, is to come through the personal sanctification of individuals for others' sakes. The Christian paradox is the paradox of the solar

system. An isolated soul, like an isolated planet, means instability and chaos. The stability of each part is found in its steady orbit round the larger centre, and the integrity of the whole vast order hangs on the adjustment of each single part. That is what is known in the world of nature as the law of attraction, and what Jesus calls in the spiritual world the kingdom of God.

Let us apply this two-fold teaching of the Gospel to the problems of social service which so imperatively invite the intelligent co-operation of educated young men. Each year a group of our students, numbering several hundreds, find themselves drawn, both by the call of their own natures and by the appealing circumstances of the time, to varied forms of generous and happy service; and it is well to consider what such participation means. What is its relation to the religious life? What is the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning its method and result? What is the Christian doctrine of social service?

"For their sakes," — that is the aim of all social duty. In its intention it is nothing else than the expression of a personal, indi-

vidualised, human love. No machinery can of itself express this relationship. All machinery must be moved by the dynamic of compassion or sympathy or good-will. How quickly one detects any form of pretended philanthropy which is not inspired by this human relation and does not act as though it heard again the command: "For their sakes"! How quickly social service, thus uninspired, becomes mechanical, commercial, official! A human soul shrivels up into what we call a "case," and the mechanism of relief grows so stiff and wooden as to be fitly called a "Bureau." Social work, with its visiting and its committees, comes to bear the taint of social ambition or pious self-scrutiny, or kindly patronage. Legislation and organization are set to do the work which demands, first of all, the motive-power of intelligent love. The primary source of power in social work is so unmechanical and spiritual, that it may be quite obscured by elaboration of method and multiplicity of details. It is to be found in the sharing of life with life, the contagion of personality, — which is as real as the contagion of disease, — in the glad desire to live for others' sakes, and the happiness and refreshment of such

service. Many a philanthropic scheme has come to wreck, like a steamer in a storm, because it had not enough motive-power within itself to carry it past the rocks of its own method; and many a half-equipped plan has come through in safety, because it was driven by this interior power of unselfish desire. "For their sakes," commands the Master, as he sends his disciples forth upon the ocean of endeavor, and with this dynamic of unselfishness they steer bravely out through untried methods to unvisited ports.

Yet, after all, this aim of social service does not express the whole of the Christian doctrine. It is true that the springs of philanthropy are in self-forgetting love, but it is by no means true that such philanthropy is always discreet, or just, or effective, or even welcome. On the contrary, among the most unjust and demoralizing influences of modern civilization is that of unreflecting and ill-directed kind-heartedness. This truth seems hard to learn. To persons unaware of the complexity of modern life, rational philanthropy seems to exclude human compassion. Scientific charity is described as the charity "which Paul forgot," though it happened to

be Paul himself who besought men by the mercies of God to present a reasonable — that is, a rational, reflecting, and well-considered — service. Among thoughtful people, however, it has become evident that to be of help to others one must be personally prepared. The administration of relief was once the vocation of unsuccessful ministers, or the resource of political underlings; now the administration of relief is a distinct profession, with its own department of learning, and its new demands for leadership. A generation ago the universities of this country had no sympathetic contact with the problems of modern society; now the universities are providing this new profession with men and women liberally trained for social service. In short, we have come to the point where efficiency presupposes education, and where sentiment must be directed by science, or fail of its own desire.

As one recalls this aspect of social service, there meets him the other half of the great saying of Jesus. "For their sakes," — that was his mission, the sheer self-forgetting generosity of sacrifice. But what does he do for their sakes? First of all, he sanctifies

himself. He commits his own life to the discipline, patience, and instruction of God; and then he is prepared to seek and save those that are lost. Nothing is more wonderful in the career of Jesus Christ than his capacity to wait until he was ready, — until, as he says, his hour is come. At twelve years old he is aware that he must be about his Father's business; but he does not enter on that business until he is thirty. In the mean time he sanctifies himself; and then, out of the resources of a disciplined personality, flows forth the new full stream of blessing. That is the history of all social movements which are continuous and enlarging. They proceed from persons who have sanctified themselves. The great epochs of philanthropy, like those of religion, have been created, not by the discovery of some new device or scheme, but by the appearance of persons endowed with enlightenment, originality, and devotion. A modern institution of charity testifies, even to a casual visitor, of the personal quality behind its rules. Its machinery is the instrument of personal force. Its management expresses its directing life, as a building expresses the architect's design.

Theologians used to describe what they called a scheme of salvation ; but in sociology there is no scheme which is in itself a saving power. The agents of social salvation are saviours; the natural channel of salvation is a person ; and the only person who can save is the person who has antecedently sanctified himself.

There is another aspect of this personal preparedness which comforts many persons in the course of their efforts to help. It is the discovery that personal experience is one way to get social efficiency. No incident in philanthropy is more disheartening than to find one's generous desires failing to reach where they were meant to go. A young man throws himself into the charities of the time, a young woman surrenders her careless leisure for social service, and one day these young enthusiasts discover that they are not establishing any real contact with the lives which they want to help. They find themselves remote, or repelled, or ineffective, and, in spite of all the books they have been reading about helping the poor, and in spite of all the generous impulses through which God has been calling them, the chasm between themselves and

other lives remains unbridged. What is the matter with these generous souls? The matter is that they themselves have not had the experience which they are trying to interpret. They are discovering that to be of much help to others one must have had something of the same discipline or trouble himself. Not every one who wants to be of use to others can be of use. The interpretative power over another life is given only to one who has some kinship of experience himself. You go to a friend in trouble and try to be kind, but you speak as to the deaf; and then there comes into that silence some other life which has been through the same sort of conflict and has issued into some sort of peace, and the troubled heart hears its own language, and is comforted as by its native tongue in a strange land. So it is with the problems of social service. They are not to be solved by sheer kindliness of heart. They demand antecedent discipline. What a great word is that of Jesus, "If any man will come after me let him, first of all, take up his own cross and follow." It is only the bearers of their own crosses who are able to be the saviours of other souls. The cross of Jesus Christ is not the

symbol of his suffering only: it is the symbol of his power to save.

Thus the principle of sanctifying oneself for others' sakes goes much deeper than mere education in learning or in skill. It comprehends all the deeper experiences of one's life, far removed as they may seem from any relation with one's social service. It may be that for the sake of this service these personal experiences of pain or loss have been forced upon one by the unappreciated goodness of God. It may be that the first step in capacity for doing good lies in discipline in being good. One rouses himself from his own private trouble and goes out to help others, and perhaps the best gift he carries is the brave bearing of his own cross. He puts off his own disappointment and puts on the garment of cheerfulness; and, as he goes his way of service, the very quality of his counsel may reveal the depth of his experience, and the courage which he communicates be the courage which he has won. What you can do is measured by what you are. Your experience is transformed into efficiency. Your personal discipline has its fruit in social wisdom. For others' sakes you have sanctified yourself.

To what then, finally, are we led by this Christian doctrine of social service? We are led to this: that the world which one would serve is one world, — a common life of prosperity and poverty, of inward experience and outward relief, of sanctifying oneself and of service of others, — one world, to be interpreted and saved as an organic whole. The first attitude which one may assume toward social service is that the only world worth considering is that which is bounded by oneself. My problem in life is to help myself. My success is in advancing myself. My motto is the motto of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The second possible view is that there are two worlds, — my own world and the world of others; and I venture at times across the border of the one and into the foreign region of the other with my curiosity, my pity, or my patronage. The third possible conclusion is that the world of the social order is one world; that there is no living or dying to oneself; that the discipline of each life counts in the welfare of all; that one cannot discriminate between the life that is offered for others' sakes and the life that is sanctifying itself, the doing good

and the being good. "We cannot do anything for the poor; we can only do things with them," said Miss Addams of Hull House, and what is that golden saying but a restatement of the teaching of Paul, that we are members one of another, and that no member can say to another, "I have no need of thee."

This recognition of the comprehensive unity of the social world restores to any one concerned with social service his patience and his hope. He does not expect to redeem so great a world all at once. It is a vast and complex organism, whose perfect redemption is not to come until each part is redeemed. One gives up looking for short-cuts to the millennium. One does not separate the problem of helping the poor from the problem of Christianizing the rich. One does not expect the poor to be thrifty, pure, and temperate, while the more favored classes are ostentatious and self-indulgent. It is one world, and it must be viewed with patience. "For their sakes" one must be willing to go slow. But the same unity of the world is the justification of one's hope. Each good stroke anywhere counts for the whole. Each life redeemed becomes a redeemer. Each life sanctified is sanctified for

others' sakes. Each step in personal discipline is a step toward social service. Each private burden borne makes one stronger to bear the burden of the world. Your character and your charity are not two problems, but one.

Here, for each faithful servant of the common good, is the ground for a rational courage. It is not the measurable quantity of achievement which satisfies. On the contrary, the visible results of one's service may seem to justify despondency or despair. The basis of one's confidence is in the unity of the world, in which not an atom fails of force, and not an effort of the will is in vain. The greatness of that law redeems the insignificance of each humble service; each wise design or generous impulse counts for the good of the whole. In the wonderful system of the telephone the whole complex communication depends at each point on the little film of metal which we call a transmitter. Take that little disk out of the mechanism, and it becomes insignificant and purposeless; but set the transmitter where it belongs, in the wonderful mechanism of the greater system, and each word that is spoken into it is repeated miles and miles away. So stands the individual in the vast system of the

providence of God. He is a transmitter. Taken by himself, what can be more insignificant than he? Yet, at each point the whole system depends on the transmissive power of the individual life. It takes its place in the great order, saying to itself, "For their sakes I sanctify myself"; and then, by the miracle of the Divine method, each vibration of the insignificant but sanctified life reaches the needs which are waiting for its message far away.

XV

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting desired him that he would show them a sign from heaven. He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times? — *Matt.* XVI, 1–3.

IT must have been surprising to the Pharisees to be told that they could not discern the signs of their own times, for they were precisely the people who had most carefully adjusted themselves to the time in which they lived. It was a time of traditional religion, and they were the traditionalists; it was a time of formalism, and they were the formalists: and now into their comfortable conformity comes this defiant agitator, announcing that they did not discern the real signs of the times. They saw the superficial traits of their age, as they saw the signs of to-morrow's weather in the evening

sky; but he was interpreting the deeper life of the age, as one who foretells a storm of which the sky gives as yet no sign. They were time-servers, he was a time-discerner. How preposterous all this must have seemed to them as Jesus went his way to disaster and death, and they were left still in control of the Church and the State! How manifest it was that they understood their time and that he had misread its signs! And yet, looking back on that conflict of spiritual faith with formal religion, we see the signs of the times all pointing directly to the ministry of Jesus Christ. The world was ready for him, — weary of its formalism and hungry for the bread of life. Books have even been written in our day to depreciate the originality of the work of Jesus Christ, because the times themselves demanded just such a teacher. The fulness of time was come. The age and the person met, the age with its desire and the person with his message. Then at last the cry of the time was answered, and the Pharisees, who thought they understood their age, dwindled into insignificance, and Jesus remained the interpreter and discerner of the deeper signs of his time.

There is something of this same story to tell of any age in which it is one's lot to live. There is always a superficial aspect of one's time, with its signs of folly and formalism, of trivial interests and feeble philosophy, like the froth and scum and eddies on the surface of a stream; and then, there is in every age a deeper movement of interior life, like the still, strong sweep of a river beneath its whirling eddies — the tendencies and lessons, the experiences and ideals, through which God is guiding the age to its ultimate issues, as river-banks direct a stream to the waiting sea. Thus in every age there are time-servers and time-discerners. First, there are those who think they understand their time because they see the scum upon its surface. They watch the eddies and infer the current of the stream. They read the time as they read the weather, from day to day, as though there were no greater movements of the seasons and the moon. They live their easy Pharisaic life and watch the spiritual ideals of the time go to their cross. And then in every age there are the time-discerners, the people who dare to have faith in their time, the disclosers, even to an age which does not believe in itself, of

its own inner capabilities and needs. How impracticable and untimely their message seems to the Pharisees! How unreasonable is this confidence in spiritual responsiveness in an obviously unspiritual age! Yet, this is progress, this is history, this is religion, this is the renewal from age to age of the method of Jesus Christ. It was not a method of invasion, as though he were introducing spiritual life into a foreign and hostile world; it was a method of discernment. The insight of Jesus recognized in his own time the signs which made him perfectly sure that the heart of the world would respond at last to his spiritual message, and that the age which looked so empty was the moment when the fulness of time had come.

No question bears so directly on a man's career as this question of the real and substantial signs of the times in which he lives. Many a man fails in his desire, not because he has no truth to offer, but because it is untimely truth. Sometimes it is belated truth, ineffective because outgrown. Sometimes it is premature truth, powerless because unverifiable. For any positive effect on the time, the time and the man must meet, — the time

with its special need, and the man touching that need with the spark of his personality and kindling it into a flame. Each new life, then, as it ventures out into the world of its own age, asks afresh: "What are the signs of my own times? What are the things about me that are going to stay? How may I distinguish the evanescent characteristics of the present age from those which reveal its inner life? Whither flows the stream on which I desire to embark, and whither whirl the eddies which may detain my course?" And in our own time, as in all past ages, the two kinds of signs stand over against each other — the signs which satisfied the Pharisees, and the signs which inspired the Christ; the shallow judgment which interprets the surface of the time, and the profounder faith which reads its heart; the way of easy conformity, and the way of creative power.

From many points of view the period just before us is likely to be the most interesting time in the history of the world, and the man who shall have the privilege of living through the next twenty-five years will probably see such transformations in political methods, in national relations, in industrial

principles, and in theological systems, as the civilized world has never witnessed before. In the presence of such a time, with its extraordinary possibilities, stands to-day a young man with all the privileges which meet him in the university and sets himself to think of the signs of the times. How shall the university contribute to the deeper movement of the age? What are the eddies in which the academic life is most likely to be ensnared? How is it that the Pharisee, with his self-contented superficiality, threatens the academic world, and how is it that the spirit of Jesus Christ may interpret to the university the real signs of the present time?

First, then, among these deeper aspects of the age we must name its demand for the idealist. On the surface of things the very opposite of this demand is seen. It looks like an age of materialism, of commercialism, of realism. Scientific habits have developed confidence in material forces; business life encourages material accumulation; social customs multiply material luxury; literature yields to material motives. How inapplicable seem the stern standards of earlier books, or art, or social life! What is honored today except suc-

cess? Why should one come to the university except to get ahead in the world? How shall a young man adjust himself to the signs of the present time, unless he give himself to accumulation and enjoyment, to the literature of the senses and the philosophy of the flesh?

Oh foolish generation, answers the Master, ye can discern the face of the sky, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times. You understand the superficial incidents of the passing day, but you do not realize what the heart of the age desires. If there is anything manifested by the interior life of the present time, it is its sense of the inadequacy of materialism as a law of life and its hunger for a new revival of idealism. A young man who fancies that modern philosophy has found its permanent resting-place in the materialism of the last generation is simply unfamiliar with the new idealism which is commanding the loyalty of philosophy to-day. A young man who sees in the literature of the world, the flesh, and the devil the final product of the present age, has simply not perceived where the great opportunity of literature at this moment lies. A young man who supposes

that the Christian religion has spent its force, and lingers as a mere historical survival among the sentimentalists of to-day, is simply unobservant of the fact that the Christian religion is just coming to be understood in its depth and breadth and simplicity, and just beginning to inspire practical and comprehensive purposes of redemption such as the history of Christianity has rarely seen before.

How expectantly the world is waiting in our day for a revival of idealism, in drama and romance, in literature and life! How stifling is the atmosphere through which sweeps no suggestion of the great or good! Politics, however debased, respond even to-day to the call of the idealist, and reforms which seemed impossible become practical under his touch. Art languishes in grotesqueness and exaggeration until it is breathed on by the sense of the Infinite, and then power, vision, character, give signs of their return. Wealth is to justify itself, if it can be justified at all, by its dedication to ideal ends. Great, rich, grasping America has attained a material prosperity unprecedented in the history of the human race, yet never was there a people less satiated, more eager for still unpossessed riches of

refinement, education, imagination, religion; never such a founding of colleges and philanthropies, never such a thirst for self-culture, and such scouring of the world for new philosophies and new religions. The interior condition of mind of the American people to-day is one of expectation and desire, responsive to every prophecy of ideal truth. Beneath the worldliness and frivolity of the time there is beginning to stir, like a quiet tide beneath restless waves, a new movement of philanthropy, education, and religion; and it is not impossible that when the signs of the present age are summed up by some philosophic historian of the future, it may be described as a time, not of the boisterous materialism which is now conspicuous, but of the first beginnings of a great revival of idealism.

Now, this sign of the times is a sign to educated men. A university is a home of idealism. This place was founded by men who believed that life was more than meat and raiment. We stand for the Christian doctrine that a man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God. The aim of a university is not primarily acquisition, but discernment. A university, like

the world about it, has its eddies of materialism, its loose talk of sordid and animal aims, its Pharisaic superficiality; but any young man is a fool if he is caught in one of these eddies of academic life. He should discern — and thank God for the discovery — that the main stream of the university flows toward ideal pursuits and spiritual ends. Let him give himself, then, to the main movement, to the studies which enlarge, to the teachers who inspire, to the leadership which strengthens his ideals, to the religion which he will find, not noisy, but deep and pure. Nothing could be more contrary to the spirit of the time than for a young man to imagine that one is wiser to-day who abandons his ideals and settles into the prudence of the world. If he desire to have any creative part in that future America which stands before us, with its portentous problems of democracy and property, of public morals and religious progress, let him view these issues of the time in the light of permanent principles of faith. The idealist to-day may have his experience of scorn and disappointment, as did the Master-idealist of history, and the Pharisees may have their little day of leadership, but the heart of this nation is ready to

turn to the man of faith. "Where there is no vision," said the prophet, "the people perish." It is true of our own land to-day. And who are our natural idealists? Your young men, answers another prophet, see your visions, while many an old man's worldly wisdom passes away like a morning dream.

A second sign of the times must be added to the first, and is again a sign to educated men. It is the demand for the optimist. On the surface of the age there is more than enough to encourage the philosophy of despair. We look about us at politics degraded, business corrupted, and literature enfeebled, at domestic unity threatened and religious sanctions abandoned, and the pessimist's complaint of social degeneracy seems to get a new right to be heard. America seems no place for scholars and gentlemen, and academic refinement hides itself in despondency or utters itself in disgust. But in reality this is no real discernment of the signs of the times. The fact is that many of these signs of social upheaval are evidences, not of social decadence, but of social health, like the boisterous vitality of a rude and healthy boy. What are these agitations of industry but signs of the

amazing advance in power and resources of the hand-working class? What are these new problems of philanthropy but testimony to its increase in wisdom and discretion? What do these faults of literature mean but a new striving for sincerity, and these perplexities of theology but a more candid scholarship? A man who is beginning his life to-day is entering into a quite unprecedented world of duty and happiness, of education and responsibility, and he must be patient with much crudity in immediate result; but this challenge of new forces and conditions ought to make any healthy-minded young man glad that his life is beginning now. Thus the young man who reads the signs of his times to-day is an optimist, not with the easy optimism which ignores the graver aspects of life, but with the rational hope which discerns good at the heart of things, the struggle for existence moulding the higher type, and the course of evolution giving new force to the spiritual life of man.

And here again is a sign of the times for the university to see. What a strange fact it seems that in the academic life of privilege and ease there sometimes grows, as in a hothouse, the exotic plant of cynicism and contempt!

Yet it is not a wholly unnatural growth. It is simply a witness of inexperience trying to interpret experience. The world of seriousness and tragedy makes its first approach to many a man in his university life. It comes to him in unreal and imaginary ways, through literature and art, through imagination and reflection, and the world so pictured seems to him too bad to be borne. It is like the coming of a strong, fresh wind, which sweeps a gusty whirl before it, as though it were a storm that was brewing, when it is only the first rush of a stimulating breeze. This is no real discerning of the signs of the time. It is simply the shrinking away from them into feeble dilettantism and cynical despair.

When one turns back from this academic impotency to the healthy-mindedness of Jesus Christ, he understands what rational optimism means. The same circumstances, which to many eyes looked hopelessly barren, seemed to Jesus good ground for his sowing. It was a part of his faith in God to be full of hope for man, and without that comprehensive hope he would have been no helper of mankind. It is the same to-day. The chief reason for the ineffectiveness of many edu-

cated men in the modern world is their intellectual cowardice in the presence of the imperfections of life; and the world is waiting to-day for men who, with their equipment of culture, maintain a robust and genuine hope. The Samaritan plain, by the well of Jacob, lay hot and dry one day before Jesus and his friends. The seed had just been planted, and it gave as yet no signs of life. But the Master read in the signs of his own time the certainty of the future. Before his mighty hope the sterile fields waved their tassels of ripened grain. "Lift up your eyes," cried the prophetic optimist to his undiscerning and unwelcoming age, "and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

One other aspect of the signs of the times is the most conspicuous and characteristic of all. It is the new sense of social responsibility, the recognition of social service as the test of character. On the surface of the age there is still a scrambling individualism, and much which calls itself in our day socialism is but disguised self-seeking and ambition, the unsuccessful despoiling the prosperous, and the "outs" trying to get in. Many a Pharisee, looking at these signs of the times, would give

as his advice to a young man to-day the counsel that he must win in the scramble and enjoy the spoils. But beneath this self-seeking of the time there is heard by this age as never before the call to social service, the voice of that moral socialism which dares to dream of a better world, and tries even in the crudest ways to create it. Not to the churches only — indeed, not to the churches most conspicuously — but to employers and economists, to philosophers and politicians, to busy men and generous women, there has come a new appreciation of the Christian Gospel: "No man liveth to himself"; "Bear ye one another's burdens"; "Ye are members one of another"; "For their sakes I sanctify myself." To this moral socialism in its many expressions the whole movement of serious life and thought to-day is hastening with surprising speed; and no young man has any discernment of the times who does not recognize this sign. Never before was it so plain that the religion of Jesus Christ is not a plan of personal safety from a general wreck, but a call to save the whole great shipload of humanity and bring it safe to port.

And meantime what is the chief sin of the academic life? It is not positive vice or con-

scious wrong-doing. It is social irresponsibility. Most young men have been trained in boyhood to think only of themselves, and when in their isolated consciousness they find no sin, they hold themselves — and their parents commonly hold them — blameless ; and many a scholar of riper years, absorbed in his researches and acquisitions, is almost unaware that the scholar may be as selfish as the miser, and that with the scholar's social privilege comes also the scholar's social duty. Thus it sometimes happens that the great movements of the world's life come beating up against the walls of the university like a wave against the shore, and are driven back by an impenetrable hardness, and go surging by into other channels more open to their sweep, until the academic life feels last of all the rising tide of the signs of the times.

Thank God, all this becomes less true as the years go by. Beneath the irresponsible life which tempts young men in the course of their education, they are perceiving more and more these signs of the times, and the tide of its spirit is bearing them out into forms of social service which would have seemed to the college man of a generation

dilettante, critical minds, caught in the eddy of academic pessimism, despairing of a world which they have not learned to know, sitting on the bank of life like shivering boys who cannot trust themselves to swim. All this self-conscious feebleness drops away from the young man who has found an ideal to which to give his life. With his faith comes his hope. He is delivered from frivolous contemptuousness and youthful cynicism. "Blessed is the man," says the Psalmist, "who sitteth not in the seat of the scornful." It is the blessing which is given to a healthy-minded youth. He does not sit with the contemptuous; he rises up to serve with the hopeful. He believes in his own times; not with the foolish optimism of a boy, but with that rational optimism which discerns that —

> "Step by step since time began
> We see the steady gain of man."

Finally, this young man, waked from his indifference into faith and hope, finds that his idealism and his optimism are given him, not as luxuries to enjoy, but as instruments to use for the redemption of his time. He hears the cry of the age, issuing from its trouble and its sin, from its industrial malad-

justments and its spiritual emptiness — the cry for well-trained men to serve in these new fields of redemption — and he simply and humbly answers to this new call of God, "Lord, here am I: send me." He looks across the centuries to the great idealist and optimist of history, and sees that transcendent faith and hope dedicated to the love of man. "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three," says Christ's Apostle; "but the greatest of these is love."

Such is the young man who discerns the signs of his times. His education, if it be fit for the present age, has taught him to discriminate between the superficial and the fundamental aspects of the age, and has delivered him from materialism, pessimism, and selfishness into the liberty of faith and hope and love. Nor is this education only; this is religion. This is Christian manhood in the present age. What does Jesus Christ ask of a man to-day? He looked on his own time and perceived beneath its Pharisaism the profound desire for a living faith; he looked again, and was stirred to a mighty hope; he looked again, and gave himself to the life of service, with an absolute and comprehensive love; and the

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justments and its spiritual emptiness — the cry for well-trained men to serve in these new fields of redemption — and he simply and humbly answers to this new call of God, "Lord, here am I: send me." He looks across the centuries to the great idealist and optimist of history, and sees that transcendent faith and hope dedicated to the love of man. "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three," says Christ's Apostle; "but the greatest of these is love."

Such is the young man who discerns the signs of his times. His education, if it be fit for the present age, has taught him to discriminate between the superficial and the fundamental aspects of the age, and has delivered him from materialism, pessimism, and selfishness into the liberty of faith and hope and love. Nor is this education only; this is religion. This is Christian manhood in the present age. What does Jesus Christ ask of a man to-day? He looked on his own time and perceived beneath its Pharisaism the profound desire for a living faith; he looked again, and was stirred to a mighty hope; he looked again, and gave himself to the life of service, with an absolute and comprehensive love; and the

time that seemed to scorn him proved to be the very time that was ripe for his coming. So he turns to his young follower to-day and says: "If any man will come after me, let him take up his own responsibility and burden, his care and his cross, and follow me." Troubles he will have to bear, and apparent failures, and the Pharisees will find him as unpractical and visionary as they once found his Lord. But this is his happiness — and no man can have greater happiness — that he is living in the line of God's plan for the present age, a laborer together with God, a discerner of the signs of his times, adding the effort of his oars to the current of the Divine intention. Here is the river of the age sweeping through the world, with many tortuous eddies and threatening shoals, but with the purpose of God directing its central stream. Shall we not launch our little lives into its channel, and give ourselves to its deeper current, as it bears us through the narrow windings of the present time toward the larger future, as a broadening river seeks the sea?

XVI

A BROAD PLACE

A Sermon at the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College

Even so would he have removed thee out of a strait into a broad place. — *Job* xxxvi, 16.

THERE is but one note to strike throughout our worship to-day. It is the note of thanksgiving. We are here to thank God for the wonderful and increasing multitude of blessings through which our University has been led, — for the blessings which she has been permitted to receive, and the blessings which she has been able to bestow. We thank God for His influence on the hearts of our ancestors, so moving them that they waited neither for days of prosperity nor of peace to found this college, but, "fearing God's displeasure visited upon ignorance more than they feared their own poverty or their savage enemies," set apart "a year's rate of the whole colony" to establish a place

of learning. We thank God that we can fairly join with the historian of the University in believing that "for a like spirit under like circumstances history will be searched in vain." We thank God for the marvellous contrasts of the present and the past, for strange deliverances from perilous controversies, for the widening of intellectual horizon and the increase of spiritual liberty which have been witnessed here. We thank God that, by ways which the wisdom of our ancestors could not have conceived, and from which their hearts would have recoiled, we have been brought "out of a strait into a broad place."

It is not for to-day, or for a service of worship, to trace in detail the story of these heroic beginnings and this dramatic growth. We are waiting with a great expectation for this story as it will be told to-morrow in lyric prose and eloquent verse. But, after all, the most striking and central part of this history remains the peculiar property of this day and of our worship here. For the story of those early days, though it abounds in political and intellectual interest, is in its central character nothing else than a chapter of religious history. Its hopes and heroisms are

those of the religious life; its controversies and dissensions are those of the theologians. The college was founded for the specific purpose of rearing fit persons for the Christian ministry, or, as the first appeal for help announced, "that the Commonwealth may be furnished with knowing and understanding men, and the churches with an able ministry." This purpose directed the whole history which we commemorate. In the first list of college regulations, — called, as now seems curious, "the liberties" of the college, — the first rules are these: "Every scholar shall consider the main end of his life and study to know God and Jesus Christ. Every one shall so exercise himself in reading the Scriptures twice a day, that they be ready to give an account of their proficiency. And all sophisters and bachelors shall publicly repeat sermons in the hall whenever they are called forth." Such was the college in its interior life; and when, somewhat later, there was doubt in the community as to its administration, and ten articles were proposed for a visitation of its affairs, seven of these articles had exclusive reference to its religious and moral condition. "Whether the Holy Scriptures be daily read

one hand, it was among the most heroic, devout, and fruitful incidents of history; on the other hand, it was among the most hopeless, Quixotic, and fruitless dreams of religious enthusiasm. Its spirit was a sense of responsibility to God in every detail of social and political life; its form was the illusory scheme of a State based on the Old Testament. In its spirit, we can compare it only with that intimate recognition of a living God which makes Hebrew history sacred. In its form, we must compare it with those visionary communities which have been so confidently proposed, from the days of Plato's Republic to the days of Brook Farm. Thus, the Puritan State was at once a conspicuous failure and a magnificent success. The Puritan failed in the purpose on which he had set his heart; and he would look with bewilderment, if not with horror, on the community which he himself created. Yet the very qualities in him which made him sure to fail are the very qualities which have been perpetuated, and which it would be our social ruin to lose.

It is easy to trace the elements of this strange contradiction. On the one hand stands the form of Puritanism. These men

meant to build a State which should reproduce the theocracy of the Hebrews. They seemed to themselves a chosen people, driven forth into a new land with no guidance but that of Jehovah. "They guided their legislation," as one historian has said, "with a Jewish austerity, and reinforced their authority by Old Testament texts." Repeating thus the theocracy of the Hebrews, they were bound to repeat the intolerance of the Hebrews. It was a question between serving God and serving Baal. The logic of their situation sent Roger Williams to Rhode Island and the Quakers to the gallows. If the State were but the instrument of the Church, then the limitation of the franchise to church-members became a matter of course. "In England," says John Cotton, "none but members of the Church of England are intrusted with the management of affairs; in Popish countries, none but such as are Catholics; in Turkey, none but men devoted to Mahomet. Yea! these very Indians that worship the Devil will not be under the government of any sagamores but such as join with them in the observance of their 'pow wows' and idolatries. So that it seems to be a prin-

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ciple imprinted in the minds of men, that such a form of government as best serves to establish their religion should be established in the civil state." Thus the limited franchise might be an inexpedient measure, but it was an inevitable one. It was the corollary of the unfaltering conviction that the will of God had been revealed in a peculiar way. "Thus stands the case," said Governor Winthrop, "between God and us. We are entered into a covenant with him for this work. We have taken out a commission."

A commonwealth like this, though it might be a lofty dream, was a dream impossible of realization. Like the charge at Balaklava, it was magnificent, but it was predestined to defeat. It might be logical for church members alone to vote, but the time soon would come when it would be impossible. The choice had to be made between yielding the form and wrecking the State ; and the form was yielded. Thus it happens that those who could not secure what they desired, bequeathed to us something infinitely more precious. The limitation of the vote passed away, but the vote remained. The Puritan meant to give us church suffrage: he really gave us the free ballot.

He meant to found a peculiar people: he really founded a free State.

And what, on the other hand, was the spirit of Puritanism which this rigid form concealed? It was a spirit of the most straightforward and simple piety. Never was a Christian congregation founded whose covenant was more adapted to all time than the covenant made six weeks after the landing of Governor Winthrop, and still inscribed upon the walls of the First Church of Boston. Never was a nobler exposition of the principles of Christian society than in Winthrop's discourse written upon his voyage. It removed the whole community out of a strait into a broad place. "The only way to avoid shipwreck," he says, "and to provide for our prosperity, is to follow the counsel of Micah, 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.' For this work we must be knit together as one man. We must uphold a familiar commerce together, in all meekness, gentleness, patience, and liberality. So shall we keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. We shall find that the God of Israel is among us, so that men shall say of succeeding plantations, 'The Lord make it like to that of New England.'"

What, then, might happen when a community like this, with this conflict within itself of an impracticable scheme and an exalted ideal, felt the duty laid upon it of founding a college? There might lie before the college either the way of the Puritan form or the way of the Puritan spirit. The college might develop along the line of intolerance and narrowness, or along the line of a simple sense of responsibility to God. Nothing could seem more uncertain than the way which the college might take. It became at once the centre of controversy between the ecclesiastics and the liberal-minded. Its history has a dramatic interest. We wonder how soon it will be overwhelmed with dogmatic tests or administered out of party interests. We see it led to the very brink of these fatal issues. It startles us to think what kind of college we might have inherited, if certain words then accepted by all had crept into its charter, or if, as so nearly happened, Cotton Mather had succeeded his father as President. "I am informed," he says in his wrath, "that yesterday the six men who call themselves the corporation of the college met, and, contrary to the epidemical expectation of the country, chose a

modest young man, of whose piety (and little else) every one gives a laudable character. I always foretold these two things of the corporation: first, that if it were possible for them to steer clear of me, they will do so; secondly, that if it were possible for them to act foolishly, they will do so."

Thus from the outset the peril of bigotry beset the college. Its officials were judged, not according to their learning, but according to their orthodoxy. The first President was indicted by the grand jury, convicted, and dismissed from his position and his house in the dead of winter, being sent forth without a home, with his wife sick, and, as he says, "his youngest child extremely so," not because he was not a virtuous, humble, and learned man, but because, as Cotton Mather said, he had fallen "into the briars of anti-pædobaptism." The second President did not, indeed, like Dunster, hold that only adults should be baptized. His heresy consisted in believing that in baptism sprinkling was insufficient, and that the infant should be washed all over, — "an opinion," says the historian, "not tolerable in this cold region, and impracticable in certain seasons of the year." It was for

such a conviction that President Chauncey suffered all his long life, finally representing to the General Court "that he was without land to keep a horse or cow upon, or habitation to be dry or warm in; whereas, in English universities, the president is allowed diet as well as stipend according to his wants." And it was no doubt his view of baptism which made the committee of the General Court report on this petition, "that they conceived the country has done honorably toward petitioner, and that his parity with English colleges is not pertinent."

Here is the way in which the college seemed at first inevitably led, — the way of doctrinal tests and sectarian animosity. It was "a strait place" to which it seemed directed, — a place of contention, first between the various factions of one sect, and then no less between the prevailing sect and the vigorous movement of Anglicanism. It is safe to say that if this way of development had been taken, we should have little to celebrate to-day. But, by a guidance which appears miraculous at such a time, the college was led of God "out of a strait into a broad place." It seems fairly incredible that at the very time when

the orthodoxy of its officers was thus suspected, and the religious opinion of its students a matter of constant concern, there should not appear in any charter of the college a single word of doctrinal test or sectarian tendency. The first constitution of the college dedicates it to "piety, morality, and learning." The charter of 1650 announces as its object "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness"; and in 1643 the college seal was adopted, with its motto "Veritas" written across the open books. Piety, morality, godliness, and truth, — these are the four great words which mark the earliest official utterances of this college in its relation to religion. Discuss and bicker as its governors might concerning its temporal affairs, it seems as if they were sobered and lifted in thought when they dealt with the religious conditions of the institution, with the same sense of responsibility toward young souls which has kept every administration of the college ever since above all suspicion of sectarian purpose or strategy. We are led in such utterances out of the temporary form of Puritanism into the higher spirit of Puritanism. The incidents of

the college were determined by the one: its continuous development was determined by the other. Piety, morality, godliness, and truth, — to these ends, for which our ancestors founded this institution and made room for it in the "strait place" of their struggling life, we dedicate her life once more to-day. We know, as they knew, that she can serve the State only as she rears her students in piety and morality. We know, as they knew, that her permanent prosperity must come through her increase of godliness; and we believe, with a completeness which perhaps they could not have confessed, that the first religious duty of a university is loyalty to truth.

Such is the story of religion in its official and organic relation to the college. It is a tale of strange deliverances. Superficially looked at, it might not seem a record which ministers of religion could recall with satisfaction; for it must be admitted to be a record of continuous decline in clerical influence. Slowly the government of the college passed from the hands of the ministers; slowly it grew less and less a theological school. But in reality no greater service could be done by

an institution of learning to the Christian ministry than by taking the institution out of the ministers' hands. It was the only way in which the ministry might have its share in the growth of the world's thought; the only way in which the college could turn from rearing a strait ministry to the more noble task of rearing a broad ministry. Those who believe in religion must believe that it does not ask of a university a peculiar or exclusive care, but only a fair chance for welcome and for nurture. Once more, the Puritan builded better than he knew. He failed in his absorbing scheme of a seminary devoted to Biblical instruction; but he laid the foundation of a type of religion much more likely to endure than his own, whose corner-stones, placed by his own hands, are piety, morality, godliness, and truth.

These official and organic aspects of the college are, however, less interesting to-day than are its lessons concerning personal and individual life. Let us turn from the college as a whole to the story of its students' lives. What are the transitions which we there observe? How has it been with this army of young men? Has student life in these days

anything yet to learn of faith or duty from those primitive times? It is the spiritual history of the college which we are tracing, and that is a matter of personal character and individual faith.

The first thing that is noteworthy in this history of personal character is the fact that the same depressing judgments were then passed upon student life which we are in the habit of hearing now. To a certain class of minds their own age always appears an age of peculiar degeneracy. Many persons feel this now, many persons always have felt so, and the gossip of one hundred and fifty years ago might almost be taken as the gossip of to-day. Thus Cotton Mather writes of children who leave home "with some gospel symptoms of piety, and quickly lose all, and neither do nor hear any more such things as they had before they left home"; and, again, of "young ministers who are the gifts of Christ in the service of our churches, who declare that before they came to be what they are they found it necessary to lay aside the sentiments which they brought from the college with them." He inquires, like some modern critic of the elective system, "whether the pupils, hav-

ing learned what is expected of them (which to the more acute sparks requires very little preparation), all the rest of the time is not, in a manner, their own, and little care is taken to make them preserve the name of students?" To the same effect, Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, dying in 1661, expresses his fear that the golden age has passed. "I tremble to think," he writes, "what will become of the glorious work we have done when the ancients shall be gathered with their fathers. I fear grace and blessing will die with them. We grow worldly everywhere. Every one for himself, little care for the public good."

The next thing to notice is that such complaints and despondency were quite as much justified then as now. Although the tutors chastized at discretion, and the students twice a day practised reading of the Scriptures, "accompanied by theoretical observations on its language and logic," complaints of immorality were by no means rare. It was not a time to which one may look back as one of strenuous morality. It was a time in which such offences as blasphemy, thieving, card-playing, and extravagance are noted in the college books. The golden age of college morality is not to

be sought for in its distant past; nor does a searching of the records give us any reason to deplore the tendencies of the present. The ethics of college life show on the whole a continuous gain. The more one studies our history the more likely he is to believe that the moral tone among us was never higher than it is to-day. The more young men have been trusted, the more they have justified that trust; the more they have been left free, the better has been our college discipline. The superficial glance catches sight of the scum which floats on the surface of college life, and calls it unclean, but the nearer one gets to the main current of student morality to-day, the surer he grows that it is pure. He does not pine for the good old times, for he sees the assurance of a manlier ethics in the tendencies and standards which prevail among us now.

Issuing from these details of morality, we are brought to one great contrast of the spiritual life of a Puritan student with the spiritual life of a young man of to-day, which sums up all that can be said. It is the contrast between life considered as an obligation and life considered as an opportunity, between life regulated by a uniform method of super-

imposed authority and life opening into an infinite variety of equal privileges. Life as an obligation made the Puritan what he was. It fixed the method of study here. God demanded a definite type of manhood, and it must be forthcoming. If our founders had been told that this was "a strait place," they would have retorted, "Strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and broad the way that leadeth unto death." To-day, instruction and persuasion encourage the sense of life as an opportunity. This is what distinguishes a university from a school. Instead of uniformity, there is liberty; instead of a single and narrow way, an endless variety of paths. It is no longer the choice between a strait and a broad way: it is the choice between a highway and a way which one makes for himself. Under the Puritan method a young man stood looking along a turnpike road; he paid his toll and his path was defined. Under the modern method he stands looking up at the mountain of the scholar's life; and it is for him to make his own way upward, threading as he may through the underbrush to the prospect at the summit.

When this contrast thus presents itself, it is naturally greeted with unqualified satis-

faction. The gains in the transition are obvious. It is a deliverance "out of a strait into a broad place." But what it becomes us to-day to remember is this: that the transition is not a form of revolution, but a form of growth. It is not possible for an institution, or for any individual within it, to appreciate life as an opportunity until he has used it as an obligation. It is not possible, either historically or personally, to outgrow the Puritan limitation until the Puritan position has itself been held. First, the qualities of Puritanism; then, the larger qualities which Puritanism did not know, — such must be the order of growth alike in the community and in each soul.

This, for instance, is the story of a sound education. The great transition of one's intellectual life occurs, it is true, when he passes from thinking of study as an obligation to thinking of it as an opportunity. Then it is that the guidance of his work is changed from a superimposed, authoritative, external direction to a voluntary, spontaneous, inward impulse. Then it is that he passes from the studies of a boy to the studies of a man. Yet it remains true that, except in rare cases of peculiar genius, the appreciation of study is

for those only who have been trained in the obligations of study. The method of the boy precedes the method of the man. First, the discipline of authority; then, the discovery that one may discipline himself. Let a young man come into the atmosphere of university life without this sense of obligation, and he rarely reaches the sense of privilege. Without a background of Puritan discipline, the time which in many minds marks an intellectual regeneration is likely to be a time frittered away.

It is the same with the moral life. A happy transition occurs when the sense of moral obligation passes into that of moral opportunity, and the duties of life are accepted as its privileges. Yet it is none the less true that in the soul, as in the Bible, the law must precede the gospel. The fragrant flowers of spontaneous virtue are rooted in the disciplined sense of duty. They do not outgrow duty: they grow out of it. To seek them independently is but trying to gather the fruits of life without nourishing the roots of life. "Perfect love casteth out fear," says a nobler spirit than that of the Puritans; but no less truly replies the Puritan, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The same contrast appears in what we may call our view of life. It was a hard, stern view which prevailed among the Puritans, fostered by their struggles, their poverty, and their creed. But what courage, endurance, and optimism it bred! These men never despaired of their country, or their race, or of the final purposes of God. And what, on the other hand, is this curious phenomenon which we now witness among the cultivated, — a refined and gentle pessimism, a faith that the world is bad, and an enervating reliance on the solaces of art amid the wreck of hope; as though, while things must be evil, it was comforting that they were still beautiful? It is, once more, because so many men are now thrown among the opportunities of life before they have felt the obligations of life. What they need is a wholesome reënforcement of Puritan discipline, a healthier friction with reality. Strangely enough, it is not easy conditions of life which make men have faith in life: it is hard conditions. The Hebrews are led forth into exile and homelessness, and develop a glorious optimism. Greece maintains herself in continuous struggle against overwhelming odds, and its consequence is not a philosophy

of despair, but a philosophy of hope. Pessimism, on the other hand, is not the outcome of hardship and struggle: it is the outcome of ease; it is the philosophy of the Sybarites. They believe in the badness of a world which they have not tried. They praise the holiness of beauty, because they have not discovered the beauty of holiness. If one would regain faith in the world, it must be, not by cultivating luxury, but by returning to simplicity. The Puritan view of life has its lesson still to teach amid the multiplying and dissipating resources of the modern world; and where shall that lesson be taught and heeded, if not through increasing simplicity and diminished ostentation in a Puritan college?

The same transition may be observed in the religious world. It is a blessed epoch, either in a soul or in a world, when it ceases to think of religion as an obligation, and comes to prize religion as an opportunity. We still hear of "supporting religion," or of "standing up for Jesus"; as though religion were a poor, weak thing, against which we must build our scaffoldings to buttress and sustain it. But the fact is that we do not support religion; it supports us. "Thou bearest not

the root, but the root thee." Its mass sustains our props; and when we remove the scaffoldings of obligation, and, standing off, observe the structure in its own fairness, then for the first time comes the full glow of religious assurance and strength. Religion is not an institution to be maintained, but an opportunity to be accepted, like a great cathedral rising in the heart of a busy town, with its daily persuasions to the soul.

Such is the higher aspect of the religious life, of which the Puritan teaching knew but little. Yet, once more, the pressing peril of religion to-day lies in its divorce from the religion of the past. The opportunities of religion are but enervating influences unless they grow out of its obligations. Among the essays of Mr. Hutton there is one which deals with what he calls the "Hard Church." It is the body of those whose faith is rigid, authoritative, obligatory. Certainly, the Puritans belonged to the hard church; and we may be grateful that a gentler age has come. But an opposite peril besets the modern world. It is the danger of falling into the ranks of what we must call the "Soft Church," — soft, because instead of faith it offers a mush of sentiment, because it develops

no vertebrated thought or rigid ethics, because it breeds a molluscous morality and a limp faith. The hard church sees the obligations of religion, and fails to see its gentler graces. The soft church sees the opportunities of religion, but builds on no rock of obligation. It is tolerant toward other beliefs, because it has no strong belief of its own. It is broad, but thin. It calls itself liberal, when it is only spiritually indolent. It is liberal because it is soft. The soft church thinks religion is to be had without effort, — that while a man has to work to be rich or learned, he ought, somehow, to get his religion easily. It is fond of quoting that God can be had for the asking, as though that asking for God did not involve the wrestling and waiting which the Puritan religion knew so well. If a man would build up to the higher privileges of religion, he must build down to the substructure of the sense of obligation. He must endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, or the Soft Church will claim him as its own.

Such is the relation of the morals and faith of the Puritans to the morals and faith of today. We have passed from the domain of the Puritan scheme, and we are grateful. We

thank God that we are brought "out of a strait into a broad place." Yet the way before us is not that of reaction, but of evolution. There never was a time which more needed a background of the Puritan spirit. We need in our business morals a sterner sense of the fear of God. We need in our homes a renewed simplicity. We need in our religion a revival of responsibility. It is the Puritan calling to us across the centuries, and summoning us to the readjustment of the present with the past.

And where shall this problem of the time be most fitly solved? In what kind of community is it likely that faith shall thus grow simple, responsible, and broad? The Puritan had his answer to this question. He believed that when men desired to advance the kingdom of God, the best thing they could do was to found a college. We, too, reaching across the gulf of years, join hands with the Puritans in this belief. We know that what threatens religious truth is not increase of learning, but increase of ignorance. We know that when minds are truly learned, they become, not self-asserting or self-sufficient, but humble and tolerant in the presence of that unfathomed

mystery into which all their learning opens. We know that the Soft Church is made up of undisciplined minds, superficial theologians, the self-sufficient and the ignorant. As the first glimpse of learning has turned many minds from religion, so, by the higher learning, religious conviction must be restored. If scholarship has displaced prevailing conceptions, it is for the higher scholarship to bring in a new reverence. The atmosphere of a true university should be pervaded by the sanctity of all learning honestly pursued. A college dedicated to Truth is a servant of Christ and of his Church.

Thus in the name of religion, we praise and honor our University. We thank God that her life has been removed from a strait place and broadened toward a larger destiny. The fathers built a little skiff and launched it in familiar and circumscribed waters, and it served them well; but an unheeded current bore it slowly down toward the tide and the scent of the sea. Their sons enlarged and strengthened it, and ventured forth beyond the headlands in brief and timid voyages of discovery. For us, the skiff has been transformed into a mighty vessel; and all the

oceans of research are open to it and all the continents of knowledge wait beyond; and its dependence is no longer on the changeful winds which blow upon it, but on a motive power which is within itself. God give it many a prosperous voyage, and make it the bearer of many an honest man on many a manly errand!

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